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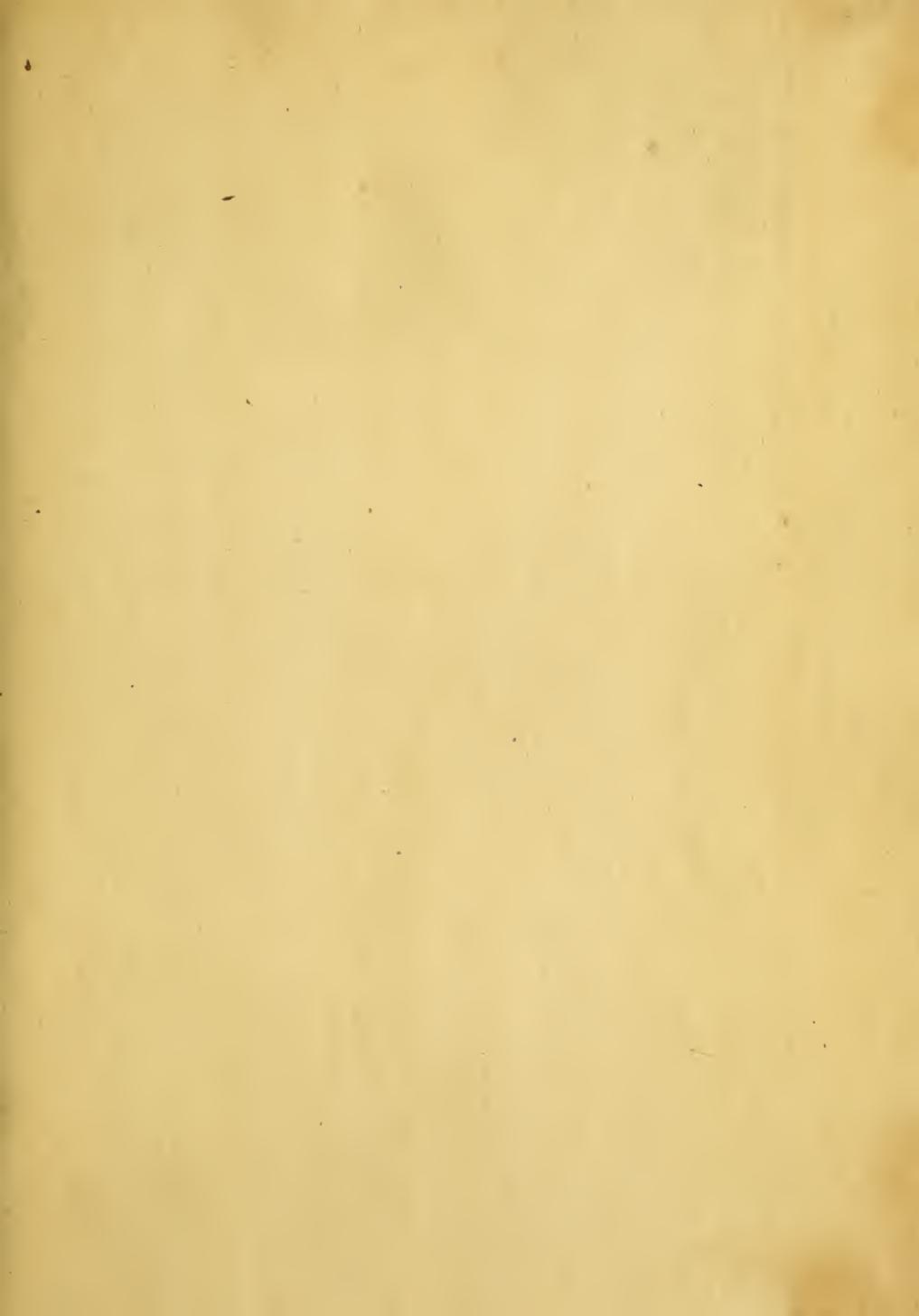


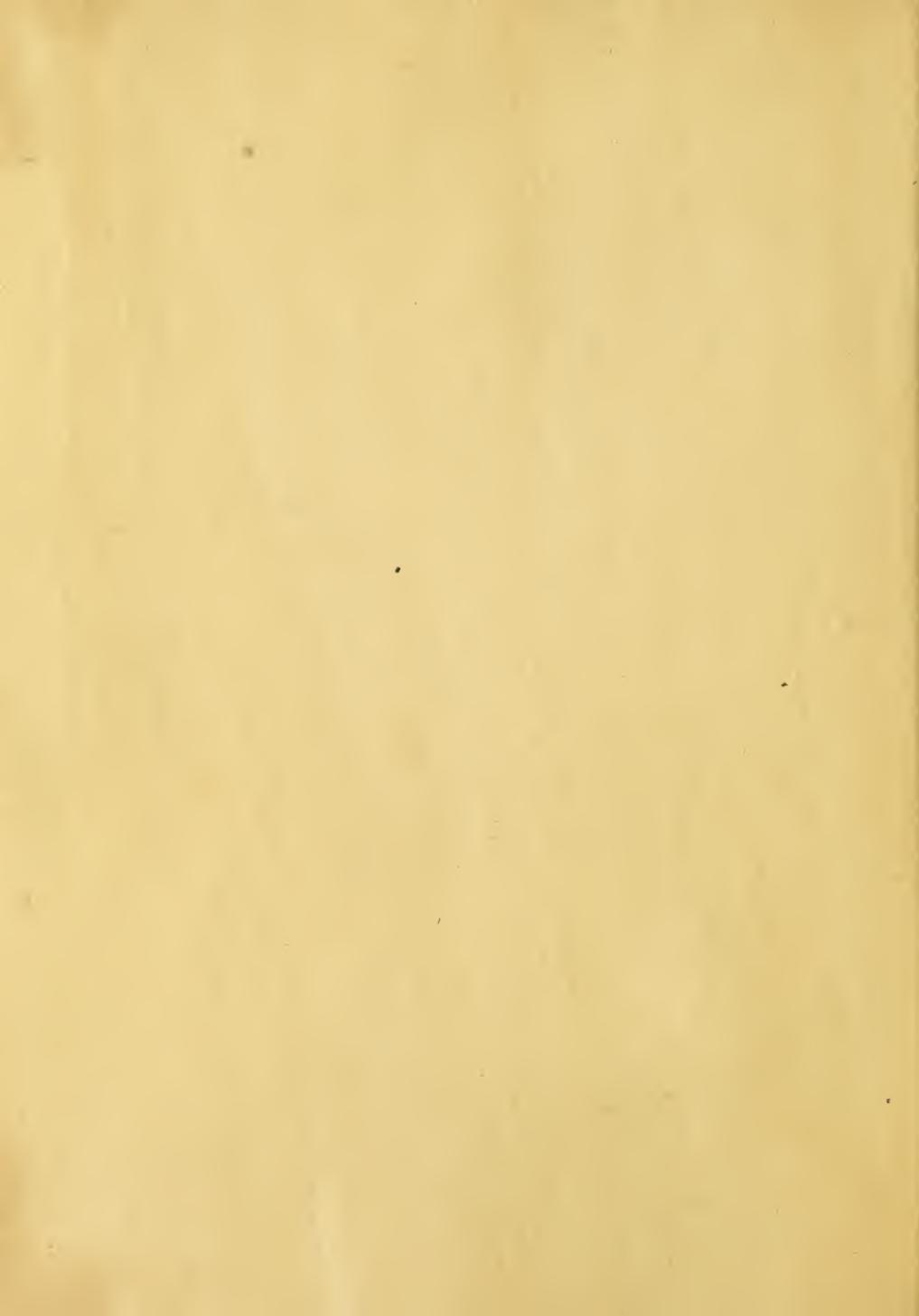
Thomas Pennant, Barton.

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"Love in its Ecstasy; or, The Large  
Provocation. Dramatic Pastoral, by  
Wm. Page. Ato. 1649. This piece was  
composed by the Author when a Student  
at Elou, being then not seventeen years  
of age, but was never acted, and not  
printed till many years after. See  
Lely, Ex. 1388. Biogr. Dram., II. 388.

A very faint, light blue watermark-style illustration of a classical building with four columns and a triangular pediment occupies the background of the page.

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<https://archive.org/details/loveinitsextasie00peap>

# LOVE

In it's

## EXTASIE:

o R,

## The large Prerogative.

A kind of Royall Pastorall written long  
since, by a Gentleman, Student at  
*Æton*, and now published.

*Multitudine Amicarum est salus.*

*By William Draper.*



---

LONDON,

Printed by *W. Wilson* for *Mercy Meighen, Gabriell Bedell,*  
and *Thomas Collins*, and are to be sold at their shop  
at Middle Temple gate. 1649.

149,554

May, 1873.



## To the Reader.

READER,

He torrent of the Preffe that now sweepes All, amongst other Pamphlets has laid this before you. Did the Stage enjoy'tis former lustre, this would have lien still neglected and forgotten: but since those pastimes are denied us wherein we saw the soule and genius of all the world lye contracted in the litle compasse of an English Theatre, I have thought fit amidst a number of more serious pieces to venture this in publike. You may be confident there lyes no Treason in it nor State inveective, (The common issues of this pregnant age) It is inoffensive all, soft as the milkie dayes it was written in, for although it appeares now so late before you like a winter blossome in the middle of a boysterous and ill-boding season, yet this Interlude was long since the early recreation of a Gentleman not fully Seventeene, and those times admitted but of small distempers, or those yeares but little judgement to discerne them. Were all mens Religion come up to the height once of a Drammatick Poem, We should not feare that Stage where Virtue ever finds Reward, and Vice, Repentance or a punishment.

A 2

Farwell

## *The Scene Lelybæus.*

### *The Persons.*

*Charastus, King of Lelybæus*  
*Brabantas, King of Pachynus*  
*Sperazus, King of Pelorus*  
*Virtusus, Sonne to Brabantas enamoured of Thesbia*  
*Fidelio, Sonne to Sperazus betrothed to Constantina*  
*Bermudo, A noble man of Lelybæus*  
*Halisdus, An old commander*  
*Arontas, The Captaine of the Citadell*  
*Spadatus, A Courtier.*  
*Iayler*  
*Messenger*  
*Attendants*  
*Guard.*

*Constantina, Sister to Virtusus*  
*Thesbia, Sister to Fidelio*  
*Desdonella, Sister to Charastus*  
*Flavanda, Sister to Bermudo.*  
*Echo.*



# Love in it's Extasie.

*Aetus Primus. Scena Prima.*

Enter Arontas and Spadatus.

*Spa.* Our feares are vaine *Arontas.*  
*Aron.* I wish to heavens they would  
not prove  
True Omens to the King-  
dome.

*Spa.* Can you suppose the King, whose pow-  
erfull nod  
Can force a thousand Virgins, to become  
their owne bawdes,  
And prostitue themselves unto his loose em-  
braces,  
Will for one coy girle resigne that g ft  
Only in which the Gods can truely boast  
their liberty ?

*Fye Arontas,* think not so poorly of your  
Sovereign ;  
He is a Man, and therefore has Ambition.

*Aron.* So has he Love.

*Spad.* But can that Love,  
That weaker fancy of an idle braine,  
Make *Charastus* yeeld, unto a composition,  
so absurd ?

As for to grant a Kingdome for a conquest.  
*Aron.* 'Tis to be feard ; The obdurate  
Girle

Perfists still in her enterprise : nor will shee  
yeeld

The fortresse of her Love without the resig-  
nation  
Of his Diadema unto her Brother, a man

Ambitious as the Devill.

*Spa.* Hear reason.

*Aron.* 'Tis not her will alone,  
The womans cheifest argument, that denies  
him,  
But her weighty reasons, with which she still  
convinces  
All that dare venture opposition.  
*Spa.* Is not the Kings prerogative an ar-  
gument  
Beyond weake womans will ? The wise men  
say,  
Kings ought to force when subjects wo't o-  
bey.

*Aron.* Love cannot sir be fore'd ;  
It is a spirit thinner than Ayr, which when  
With boysterous hands we strive to capti-  
vate

Doth vanish into nothing.

*Spa.* But should the King, in this his  
height of dotage,  
Offer up his crowne, the Trophee of her  
cruelty,  
Think you his Subjects will e're give consent  
That one should weare it, so generally hated  
as *Bermudo* ?

One fill'd with such variety of wickednesse,  
As if the end of his creation was  
Only to shame his Maker.

*Aron.* Did he deserve a Worser character,

Yet when the Crowne, when that imperi-  
all Gem  
Once triumphs on his brow, his Vices Sir  
Will turne to virtues: such is the fate of  
Princes.

Nor may we fir oppose his reign  
Since tis our King that wills it.

Kings are the Gods immediate Substitutes,  
And their VVills are most divine, and holy  
statutes,

Which our Religion in so strict a manner  
Bindes us to observe, that should *Bermudo*,  
In that very instant, on which the Crowne  
Is plac'd upon his head, command our lives,  
'Twere more impiety to contradict,  
Than cruelty to obey.

*Spa.* Strange superstition!

*Aron.* It may seeme so to you, a stranger:  
for

Forraign Nations laugh at us, and call our  
zeale

A blinde obedience, their prouder hearts  
Can brooke no Kings, but like unruly steeds  
Contemn their Riders, and blow Rebellion,

Witchcrafts Ape,  
Even in the faces of their Soveraignes; good  
Gods!

Is this piecy? is this Religion? shall He  
The principall of all subordinates, one by  
that Royall wreath

Distinguis'h'd from the common Chaos, and  
created Head?

Shall He be subject to the VVills of an  
Irregular Multitude that Knowes nothing  
of a States necessity?

The Sun-tand slave that labours at the Oare  
Knowes not a life so servile then. But let 'um  
on,

And glory in their disobedience: we whose  
foules

Has stil been subject to those higher powers,  
Must allwayes think that man is cheifly blest,  
That suffers.

*Spa.* Be Happy then, I dare pronounce you  
Happy

If *Bermudo* reignes; Felicity with a venge-  
ance

Will flow unto you, till 'tis hideous tor-  
rent.

Has consum'd the Kingdome.

*Aron.* If 'tis our fate 'tis wellcome, 'twill  
only prove.

The greater Argument of our Allegiance?  
The Citadell, of which I am the unworthy  
Master  
Must be kept strongly for him, till his Will,  
Not Tyranny disclaines it.  
*Spa.* No more: The Kings on entrance.

*A&T. I. Sce. 2.*  
Loud Musick. Enter *Charastus*, *Flavanda*,  
*Bermudo*, *Halisdus*, *Spadatus*, *Arontas*,  
and *Attendants*.

*Cha.* Was't not a direfull Tempeste that last  
night (age  
Affrighted our Horizon? was ever yet your  
Acquainted with the like *Halisdus*?

*Hal.* Never my gratioues Lord: yet I have  
seen

Many, that would have terrified the boldest:  
When our *Aetnean* Hill, spitted his fiery  
venome

Gaints the Heavens; when the affrighted  
Sun

For three dayes has withdrawn himself;  
yet these

Compar'd with this for horror,  
Deserve not to be mentioned.

*Cha.* It was a dreadfull night indeed; yet  
see

How gloriously the Sunne appears: the  
Heavens

In labour were all night, & from their preg-  
nant womb

This morn a Sun springs forth, whose glo-  
rious beames

Frights back their pristine terror.

*Hal.* Wer't not a sin too great and ir-  
religious

To mistrust the heavens diviner Mercy,  
I should conceive this ill-aboding night  
Portendeth some ensuing misery.

*Cha.* Doe not *Halisdus* with thy miscon-  
struing fear

Strive to disturb our joyes: Thy sight *Fla-  
vanda*,

Like to *Auroras* Beames, darted from out the  
Eastern Hills,

Expells those drossie exhalations, which this  
too sad night

Infused to my sadder soul.

*Fla.* Your highnesse has a privilege for  
flattery.

*Char.* Still

## The Large Prerogative.

Char. Still harping on that string Flavan-  
da?

If for to speake what my inclining soul  
Prompts me to utter, and to conceive what  
I have said

Is but a derogation from thy worth, be Flav-  
ter,

I must confess I am guilty of that fault,  
Which never King did act, unlesse upon  
himselfe.

Fla. Pardon my incredulity great Sir.

When I consider that the lofty Pines  
Stoop not to brambles, that your Soaring  
Hawkes

Bend not to lesser Birds, except for prey:  
I must confess

My virgin fear holds back those wandring  
thoughts

VVhich your Al-potent Majestie extracted  
Lest I should perish like a hasty Blossome  
Cropt by the setting winter.

Char. Is yet my Loyalty in question?  
How oft have I with sacrilegious lipps  
Dissected all the Gods for Oathes, and must I

still  
Remain suspected of disloyalty? surely I  
have a conscience.

Fla. Yes, pure and more spotlesse than  
the wandering snow

VVhich the least breath of any calmer wind  
Blowes up and down: such a conscience,  
That had it not a burthen of Felicity  
I should court its Master.

Char. VVas ever yet Felicity a Burthen?

Fla. Yes, that which you vainly stile one:  
You doe suppose a Crown a brave and glo-  
rious

Trophee of felicity, which had you been  
without,

One poor commanding word had done  
that deed,

VVhich now your vain intreaties sue for.

You are my King Sir.

Char. But tell me Dearest, how has my for-  
mer life

Deservd that title of your King: has my taxa-  
tions

Ever yet filld my oreflowing coffers?

Have I replenish'd once my appetite

VVith the direfull noyse of any subjects cur-  
ses?

Our gentler reign abhorrd those vices  
Which most Kings doe Boast in: And canst  
thou think v

When I doe subjugate my self to thee,  
I shall become more ravenous than when  
I was

Sole Monarch?

Fla. I dare not question Sir that virtue  
which in you

All Princes can't admire enough, much  
more not imitate.

Tis not the Tyrannick usage of a Scepter  
That confirm's a King; He that is truely  
Royall,

Rules not his kingdome with the severe  
And cruell Rigour of an austerer judgement,  
But with a mild severity, a virtue which  
you

Have practis'd long; I must confess, you  
are adorn'd

With all the Ornaments that make a  
King

A second Deity; But can those glorious  
trappings,

Your Crown, your scepter, arm'd with that  
virtue too,  
Can they all resist those blasts, which en-  
vious fame

Will hurl upon my honour?

Char. What can the giddy multitude  
report

Against thy virtues? Thou art beyond  
their malice.

Fla. I were beyond then all that's  
good,  
Beyond the heavens themselves, and the  
celestiall powers.

That Love that tends to a superior,  
Be it ne're so pure, is amongst them  
But an ambitious Lust, sold for preferment.  
Should Hymen joyn our hands in a lawfull  
union

With our hearts, yet they would say,  
Flavanda does not give, but prostitutes her  
love

To satisfie her vaine Ambition: Thus I  
should ever  
Rather bee thought your Strumpet, than  
your Wife.

Char. Canst thou suspect me yet Flavan-  
da?

Fla. I

# Love in it's Extasie : or

*Fla.* I should suspect my selfe rather, for  
I know

Our sex are all like watry clouds  
Made various still by the reflecting Sun.  
Whilst that the Crowne, Great Sir,  
Impalls your Royall Brow, I cannot be your  
Wife

And to be your Whore, I dare not.

*Cha.* Infortunate condition of a King !  
when that

His chiefest Ornament becomes his greatest  
punishment.

A Crowne, and Scepter are but transitory  
toyes,

That wait on bigg and pompous Misery.  
Oh thou ambitious Man, whose soaring  
thoughts

Aime onely at a crown ! knewst thou  
The inconvenience now of mine, thou  
then (rity,

Wouldst wish, thou hadst rested in secu-  
And nere had sought so vain a happiness.

*Fla.* If that your boasted constancy bee  
firm

As 'twere a sinne to suspect the contrary,  
That our loves may not diminish from each  
others lustre,

Invest my Brother in your dignity : So I a  
Princes

May equall you a some-times King.

*Cha.* Must I resigne, or perish in felicity ?  
Is this thy doome then still irrevocable ?

*Fla.* As Fate. (stay,

*Cha.* A sad and dismall sentence ! yet  
And ere I part with this same glorious  
gemme,

Let me recall the long lost man within mee,  
And with him, Mans better part, my

Reason,

Reason ! alas I have none  
This trifle woman has unmand my soule,  
And made me like her selfe irrationall.

Reason would tell me that I am a King,  
And in that name, something there is  
That whispers to my thoughts I may com-  
mand.

'Tis true, I may, o're things (levell  
Groffe as my self ; This arme of mine can  
Cedars with the humblest shrubbs, and this

my voyce

Can with one accent, breath more certain

Fate

Than plague, or Fire. But can its loudest  
note

Silence one murmuring thought ? or can this  
potent grasp

Inclose heavens lighting, or the smallest  
beame

Which from the sun is darted ? Love is  
more pure

And lesse substanciall, 'tis no created body,

Form,

And Matter, but an etheriall essence, Fan-  
cyes creatures.

And to be Master of an immateriall Soule,  
Who would refuse to sacrifice that drosse,

That clogges Mortality ? He is a beast  
That would not fall, to rise a Constellation.

*Hal.* Yet, Sir, consider what you give,  
A Crowne, a Scepter, and a Kingdome.

*Cha.* These are but titular Emblemes of  
felicity,

Visions of Blisse, Symptomes of Happinesse.

What is there in a crowne, worthy our esti-  
mation ? (He puts it on Flavandus head.

Place it here in its most proper sphare,  
'Tis but a glorious trifle ; looke now Ha-  
lidus

With impartiall eyes, and tell me which  
casts

The greater lustre ; thy silence does con-  
demne thee.

See, I kisse it, embrase it, and no virtuous  
heat

Payes a gratuity : One Kisse of hers  
Makes me contemplate of a future happi-  
nessse

That rapes me to an Extasie of pleasure.

Dull, fencelesse, and base stupid Earth,  
Goe to the Center ; My airy thoughts

climbes Heaven,  
And grasperth now a Deity.

*Ber.* Beware a cloud Ixien : if my plots  
hitt right,

It shall be twice as fatal.

*Char.* Yet 'ere Bermudo

I doe fully cease, 'ere that my soul

Be quite dismantled of that glorious robe

Which Fate so freely did allot mee,

Oh let these dewy drops, the truest  
Harbingers

of a setting Sun, entreat thee

Not to bring my frailty to a custome

Let not posteritie in succeeding times  
Account this folly lawfull, and traduce Me,  
Me the Originall; 'Twill vex me in my  
urn.

Ber. It shall not sir. I'll break the custome,  
And to shew how much my soule's  
Obedient to your will, and that the world  
may see

That 'tis not pompe nor majesty affects me,  
I make a vow before just heavens, and you,  
That if ere my heart be conquer'd with a  
womans love,  
Your Crown shall be restor'd.

Cha. Thou knowst not what thou vow'st  
Bermudo.

Ber. I doe my Lord, and know withall  
How strictly Religion bindes me to perfor-  
mance;  
For should I dare to violate what I have  
vow'd,

It would call a curse upon me, high  
As the punishment Damnation payes to sin-  
ners:

I must then royll sir, & so must ye, my Lords,  
And Peeres of *Lelybaeus*, acknowledge him  
again

Your Sovereign, unlesse a doe a deed  
Which humane frailty names impossible.

Cha. Canst thou be so good Bermudo?

Ber. 'Tis not a Crowne great sir,  
With that same large Prerogative annext,  
Can make Bermudo be ingratefull;  
You nourish'd my declaiing fortunes,  
And brought them to that height which  
now

They stand in, and should I like ungatefull  
plant

Consume the stemme that nourish'd me,  
Infamy would surely blast me.

Cha. Thus then I doe indulge thee  
All the prerogatives of Majestie.  
Goe and ascend my throne, and let all with  
one applause

Say after me, Long live Bermudo King of  
*Lelybaeus*.

Trumpets and shouts within.

Omnes. Long live Bermudo King of *Lely-  
baeus*.

Omnes. Long live Bermudo King of *Lely-  
baeus*.

Omnes. Long live Bermudo King of *Lely-  
baeus*.

Ber. I have it now, seated firm, beyond  
the power

Of Revocation: Thanks to the Heavens,  
And our diviner Policy. Long has this King-  
dome

Under the easie yoak of an effeminate  
King

Surfetted with luxury, and been a Proverb  
For our neighbouring Princes to express  
lasciviousness:

The thought whereof did grate my heart,  
And stir'd a noble Anger in my blood.  
Shame of all Kings, dishonor of thy race,  
It was I that forc't my credulous sister  
To make this tryall of thy constancy.  
I made *Flavanda* to demand thy Crowne,  
only

With a promise to restore it: But can you  
think

A Gemme so lost, will e're be found  
Before the extirpation of that seed  
Which thy effeminate governmeng has sown  
In this too much abused Kingdome?

Cha. If that the thought of what I was  
Can not procure some reverence,  
Yet slight me not for what I may be,  
When the conditions which you hold  
Your Kingdome by are broken.

Ber. Conditionis? 'Tis true, I promis'd  
when e're

My heart was conquer'd with a womans love  
Your Crown should be restor'd.

Fla. That was not all: A vow  
Was past to me, seal'd with an Oath,  
That when our Nuptials should be solem-  
niz'd

You would restore the Kingdome.

Ber. It is confess'd: nor dare I disobey it.  
Vowes of this nature may not be broken  
Without the violation of Religion.

Cha. Come dearest then, let Hymenall  
Rites

Restore a double happiness.

Ber. Stay rash man, hear our Decree first:  
Reade *Arontas*, and let thy voyce  
Strike terror to the Nation.

*Arontas* reads.

Whereas this fertile Kingdome, under  
the easie raign of our effeminate predeces-  
sor, has long surfetted with a degenerate  
passion, which the weaker ones stile Love,  
the wiser Folly, to the high dishonor of the  
Nation

# 'Love in it's Ecstasie: or,

Nation, and great displeasure of that Virgin Goddess whose rites we ought to celebrate. That we may now therefore repair our lost honour, appease the wrath of that incensed Deity, and avert those judgments which are now so imminent; We have thought fit to decree, and be it decreed by the most high, and excellent *Bermudo*, the Supreme Lord, and Ruler of this Nation, that for the space of seven years next ensuing, none shall presume to entertain that passion: If any one shall presumptuously, contrary to this our pleasure, be found so weak as to express it in the least of Circumstance, their lives to Heavens shall forfeit.

*Bermudo.*

*Ber.* You have heard our will *Charastus*,  
Presume not then to disobey it: 'Tis not  
the remembrance  
Of your former greatness, or the Peoples  
love,  
Can exempt you from the justice of our an-  
ger.  
Could st. thou suppose, fond man, *Bermudo*,  
Would restore a Crown for bare gratuity;  
No,  
I did but pull away the baite, to make  
The hasty fish receive it with more eager-  
ness,  
Which now is caught, thanks to our In-  
dustry:  
And that the captive may not flatter his  
imagination  
With a hopes of a Recovery, Let our De-  
crees be publish'd.

*Exit Arontas.*

*Cha.* That sir you have a power to punish  
my credulity,  
This knee, nere bent before to humane  
greatnes, testifies,  
Oh Royall sir! Let the severity of your  
Law stop here,  
Here on my head let your anger fall:  
Punish not my folly in your loyall Subjects,  
Guilty in nothing but obedience. If not for  
my sake,  
For my sisters sake, for *Desdonella*s sake,  
Shee though a Princess lov'd you sir a Sub-  
ject:  
I saw it, and was silent, and surely,  
Had not I thought, you had suppos'd  
Ingratitude the w<sup>o</sup>rst of evills.

I neere had left my self so bare,  
Cloath'd onely with my shame and ruine.

*Ber.* If *Desdonella* harbours such a thought,  
She feeds the flame that will consume her:  
Nor she, nor any sir shall dare to doe,  
What is deni'd their Soveraigne.

*Cha.* Then thus proud man I rise,  
And boldly tell you, that though Religion  
Tyes our hands, yet there's a power above  
you,

Which neither custome nor Religion can  
control,  
He sir will punish to the height the deadly  
fin

Of an abus'd Authority: Remember it, and  
tremble.

*Fla.* Alas, fond mayd, to what a deluge  
of misfortune

Has this thy incredulity now brought thee?  
VVhat indigested heaps of misery has it  
thrown

On thy ore-charged soul? Yee sacred  
Powers

That guard distressed Innocence!  
If that my brothers tyranny has not as yet  
Exiled ye this Nation, pitie my teares,  
And since I needs must hate where I am  
forc'd to love

Learn me a loving hate: But can I hope  
The heavens will pity me in such a vale of  
wickedness?

No surely, I'll therefore to the woods,  
There harmeless Innocence wrapt in secu-  
rity,

Entombs faint envie, there vain Ambition  
Covets no other Crown but Roses, No Sclep-  
ter

But a Sheephook, these will I covet too.  
Farewell *Bermudo*; and because once thou  
wert my brother,

In Heavens I wish thee.

*Ber.* And I thee in hell for wishing it.

*Fla.* Since that the Constellations yet do  
want

A fierce and cruell Tyger, I'll pray the  
Heavens

To place thee there, that when a Tyrant's  
born,

The world may say *Bermudo* gave the in-  
fluence.

My ill-spent tears bids thee adue: Fare-  
well all cruelty,

# The large Prerogative.

A VVolfe and Lamb compar'd to us, for  
symp thy,  
May well be stil'd the Zodiacks Gemini.

Exit.

Cha. Farewell thou perfect Modell of all  
goodness,  
Haste to the shadie woods, there I will live,  
In contemplation of thy excellence:  
Loves Theory shall be my study; a Science  
Far beyond thy reach *Bermudo*; thy grosser  
fence  
Is ignorant of all loves, except of that  
VVhose baser flame knowes no commerce  
with purity,  
That which infatiate lust perhaps has  
prompt thee too;

Mine is a love superplatonick, a flame,  
VVhose bright continued Pyramide of splen-  
dour  
Shall soare above thy duller reach *Bermudo*,  
And make thy faint ambition become more  
blinde  
Than are thy thoughts that guide it.

Ber. VVhat curses mutterst to thy self?  
Are they 'gainst me, or 'gainst the destinies?

Cha. Thou art not worthy of my curses,  
And to curse my stars were irreligious,  
For 'twas Love, not Fate  
That made *Charastus* thus infortunate.

Exit.

Ber. Farewell, a pair of Fondlins.  
Is *Arontas* gon to publish our Decree?  
Hall. He is my Lord. Shall I recall him?  
Ber. Stir not a foot to hinder our designes.  
Hall. Oh good my Lord! This is not  
the way

To keep you in your Kingdome long Sir.

Ber. VVhy? Lives therè a man so bold.

As to violate the Majesty of a King?

Hal. It is a crime I must confess, that we

Scicilians

Most abhor; nor do I think there lives a man  
So irreligious: But by your leave,  
He is no King that has no Subjects,  
And if you take this course, what Subjects  
will remain?

Consider sir, Love is the principall cause  
That begets you Subjects, And if you take  
away

The Cause, the effect will follow.

Ber. Let not that trouble you sir.

Let it be your care, I joynd with *Arontas*

To send a Guard unto the utmost limits of  
our Kingdom

That bound upon the other Promontories  
With a Commission to let none pass:  
If any of another Nation come within their  
reach,

Bring straight to our subjection; which don  
Haste ye unto our Ports, burn there our ships;  
If that a man escapes, your heads shall pay  
his ransome.

We long have surfeted with extremes, and  
now

Extremes shall cure this deadly malady,  
Which Justice is *Halidus*, and not Ty-  
ranny.

Exeunt.

Act. I. Sc. 3.

Enter *Virtusus*.

Vir. Once more in spight of fortune, and  
the raging waves  
Of a tumultuous Sea, does my unhappy foot  
Salute the Earth again. Did ever man  
From all eternity behold a night so dismal!  
Leave behinde no sad remembrance of its  
former horror?  
Here's not a stumm that's widdowed of his  
leaf,  
No, nor one branch become  
The hopeless issue of the Husbandman, but  
all-

In a sweet tranquillity enjoy that happiness  
Which Nature has allotted them: I am  
The onely object of Heavens Tyranny,  
Else had these senseless Plants  
Perish'd this fatall night, when both the Ar-  
tick,  
And Antartick Poles, striving to kiss each o-  
ther,

Confounded Heaven, Earth, Sea, Hell, and All  
Into an indigested Chaos: yet in this dire  
Confusion of the Elements, these stand un-  
touched:

Outbraving Fortunes Malice, whil'st wretch-  
ed I,

The heavens least part of care,  
Was banded too and fro by the immor-  
tals winds

Uncertain of a rest, and had not the thought  
Of thee my *Thesbia*, ballanc't my tottering  
soul,

The infatiate bosome of the Ocean  
Had been my wish't for grave.

Enter

# Love in his Ecstase : or,

Enter Fidelio like a Shepheard.

Sir, the fortune of the Sea having cast me,  
A sad and desolate man, upon the Confines  
Of an unknown Land, I must desire  
Your charitable disposition to declare  
Your Countreys name unto me.

*Fid.* Most willingly. Know sir you are  
cast

Upon a most unfortunate shore, *Lelybæus*  
Is the Countreys Name, one of the three  
Promontorian Kingdoms of famous *Sicily*.

*Vir.* Heavens, now I see ye are not altogether  
ther cruell :

This is the happy Countrey that my voyage  
aim'd at.

*Fid.* Call it not happy sir, for tis the most  
Infortunat'st habitation that ever man en-  
joy'd.

*Vir.* It seems not so by the outward Ap-  
pearance.

*Fid.* Oh no ! Nature has bedeck't it with  
the best  
Of all her ornaments, nor could she, if she  
would  
Create another world, frame any part  
To parallel with this.

*Vir.* What diastrous chance then  
Has made it thus unfortunate ?

*Fid.* Pardon me if I refuse to tell you that,  
The relation whereof would draw tears  
From my ore-charged eyes. Let this Decree  
Inform you sir.

*He gives him a paper, and he reads.*

Heavens I thank ye : This curtesie  
Will make me dye ungratefull to your  
bounty.

Oh how my soul now gluts it self, to see his  
enemy

Thus offer'd as a sacrifice to his incensed Ire !  
Jest anger seise me then, and *Constantina*,  
Let the thoughts of thy sad sufferings  
Inspire my soul with vengeance, arm my

strength

With a Revenge as ample as the cause :  
Yet Prince *Virgilius* I'le not kill thee basely ;  
That were to mistrust my cause, which is as  
just

As heavens are innocent. Thou shalt not dye  
For to be damn'd in ignorance : No, I'le sum-  
mon

All thy faults, and thunder 'um to thy ears ;  
If then thy treachery has not exil'd thy va-  
lour,

Let thy sword plead thy innocence ?  
By which most noble pleading thou shalt dye  
Honor'd, by my Revenges charity.

*Vir.* Oh my unjuster stars ! Why did ye  
stop

The Oceans mouth, denying me an entrance,  
Yer bring me here to be entomb'd  
Alive upon the shote ? was it because I fear'd  
Your threatening waves, or that the louder  
windes

Strake terror to my affrighted Conscience ?  
This cannot be :

For how oft in scorn has my undaunted sighs  
Echoed the blustering winds, and my full  
tide eyes

For fear of scarcity, how oft have they  
Replenished the waves, and nourish'd  
The decaying Billowes ? Yet must all this be  
The Prologue only to my ensuing Tragedy ?  
Oh cruell Pity ! Oh inhumane charity !

*Enter Charastus.*

*Fid.* Peace sir : The King:  
They Kneel.

*Cha.* Why kneel ye unto me sirs ?  
If I have not deserv'd your pity,  
I have not deserv'd your scorn I am sure.

*Fid.* The Heavens forbid, when ere I see  
Such Beames of Majesty, that I should pre-  
sume

To approach without that awfull adoration  
Which my Allegiance payes unto my Sov-  
aign.

*Cha.* 'Tis true, good Subjects ought to  
do so:

But when a Lyon's dead, the baser Ass  
Will come, and trample on him,  
And spurn that face, which when alive  
Was death to look on.

*Fid.* Such incivility becomes the Beasts ;  
But man whose purer soul  
Claimes something of divinity, can easily di-  
scern

That sacred Majesty which on Kings  
Hang like the Gods refin'd Ideas : He cannot  
be

So foolishly impious, to think the Sun,  
Because oft times he does obscure himself  
Under the gloomy shade of some gross ex-  
halation,

That he never will again come to his pristine  
splendor.

How oft do we see those blazing Membr-

# The large Prerogative.

Of the Ayre, decline ? those fiery Comets,  
Which though compos'd of exhalations  
Covet the highest Region, where hurried  
With their vain imaginations for a while  
they reign,

Contracting their own ruine that at length  
will come

As suddenly as fearfull ? Such will Bermudo's  
fall be,

And the higher he lifts his towring thought,  
The deadlier will his precipice become.

*Cha.* Canst thou perceive that Majestie  
which to Kings  
Is still essentiaall, and speak these words a-  
gainst

Thy lawfull Sovereign ? Surely thou art no  
Sicilian.

*Fid.* I am great sir, and yet dare say  
'Tis virtue makes a King : Majestie without  
that

Is a disjoyned structure that must fall,  
And come to ruine. 'Tis not a Crown alone  
That I adore, for shculd I dote on that,  
And slight the goodness which you are

Master of,

I were worse than he, that fears the Idoll,  
Yet contemnes the Godhead : since then  
Bermudo

Wants the better part of King, a Royall  
soul,

I'le look on him, as on polluted incense,  
Sacred, though not holy ; And on you, as on  
An unfurnish'd Temple, pious, though not  
glorious.

Then pardon sir, if I prefer an undecent  
sanctity

Before a comely wickedness.

*Cha.* Couldst thou distinguish, I confess  
'twere just :

But since wise Natute has ordain'd  
Goodnes essentiaall to Supremacy, 'tis fit  
You serve and honour him.

*Fid.* And so I will: but it must be  
As Infidels do Devils, for fear, not love.  
Far be it from me sir to confine  
Goodnes to Greatnes only, or suppose that  
man

Is solely Royall that's ambitious ;  
That were to thinke the Heavens an easie  
spunge,

From which the daring soul

Squeases his ends out : He rather sir is grea-  
That dares be good.

*Cha.* Then thou art great I swear ; ex-  
ceeding great :  
Thou canst distinguish between good an-  
good.

Had I had such an intellectuall soul  
To put a difference 'twixt those attributes  
That make a King compleat, the gilde  
flashes of his tongue

Would then have rendred him, as far com-  
temptible,  
As now he is fatall. Come nearer to u  
Shepherd :

Nay ! flatter not a falling greatness ;  
To kneel unto an Altar that's defac't  
Smels more of Superstition than Devotion  
Arise, worthy our Armes,  
And if thou needs will serve thy King  
In me his small Epitome, chide not his foll  
With this strickt observance ; to make him  
Master

Of those joyes, which he han't power to com-  
mand,

Is exprobation not affection.

*Vir.* Noble *Charastus* !

Thy miseries cannot outvie thy virtues,  
Nor can they suffer an ignoble act  
To derogate from fortunes Conquest,  
Though she has made thy sufferings  
Ample as her power. Wonder not, grea-  
Prince,

Who 'tis dares Comment on thy miseries,  
Since none can truly know a Kingdome  
los,

But he that feels it.

*Cha.* If thou hast lost one then,  
And that experience stimulates this bold-  
ness,

I shall rejoice in thy society : I oft have see  
A feather'd Captive sadly in a cage  
Mourning in silence his determin'd free-  
dome,

But having got a partner of his sufferings, the  
filly Bird,

As if revived by anothers mischief,  
Has from his drousie taciturnity awak't,  
Chirping sweet *To Peans* to our ravish't ears  
Untill his eyes became the sad oblation  
Of his fainting voyce.

*Vir.* Behold a partner then, One

# Love in it's Ecstasie : or

hat fottunes malice has in sundry shapes  
irrid as Cowards fears , or midnight ap-  
prehensions ,  
ove to appall his courage, yet to him  
ose Panick horrors seem'd but painted  
fires  
encht with the smallest drop of s resolution.

hold a Prince equally distressed :  
t if our sympathetrical disasters  
s not created an instinct to know me ,  
mme up your patience sir , and that will  
tell you  
at none can parallell its fortitude ,  
cept Pachynas Prince , Infortunate *Virtusus*.

*Cha.* Stay, and ere thou further speake'st  
me survey thee fully, for in thee is drawn  
he just resemblance of my misery .  
all our former happiness ! 'Tis rarely  
limn'd ;  
ortune, thou hadst eyes, thou nere couldst  
oipe me so truly else .  
h Royall Prince, my woes sad character !  
et us incorporate, and be one ,  
ne Monumentall Trophee of misfortune .  
car witness oh thou sacred Register of uni-  
ted hearts ,  
ow *Virtusus* here joyes to behold *Chara-  
stus* there .

*Vir.* Alli'd thus by misfortune , our uni-  
ted wills  
all hate a separation . One act wee'l still  
pursue ;  
ne thought wee'l think ; One soul wee'l  
have ;

ne heart , and one Ambition .

*Cha.* Ambition ! In that wee'l imitate our  
mother Earth ,  
o fall is her Ambition, should she aspire ,  
were not Ambition, because not naturall .

*Vir.* This Union sown in tears  
all rise in glory ; my prophetick soul di-  
vines it :

mean while wee'l live here in these woods  
disguis'd ,  
ometimes wee'l visit Court, and see if Fate  
Vill put a period to our sufferings, till then  
rom you renowned Shepherd we must  
crave concealment .

*Fid.* Your graces may command your  
humblest yassall .

I have a story of my own to tell you ; But  
for a while  
I must crave leave to lie conceal'd .  
*Cha.* Then wee'l not urge it .  
Hence, hence Ambition now , and all those  
pleasing thoughts ,  
Which Crowns and Scepters whistled to our  
ears .

The silent Groves, and murmuring streams ,  
The shadie woods , and whistling windes ,  
will be  
A recreation beyond Court vanities . There  
we three

Will fancy to our selves a Triarchy .  
*Exeunt.*

## Act. i. Scen. 4.

*Enter Bermudo.*

*Ber.* Of what aery substance is Mans soul  
That still 'tis so ambitious to aspire ?  
The higher stil I am lifted, the more I covet .  
Is there no end Heavens of our vain desires ?  
Canhot a Crown and Scéptry stay our tow-  
ring thoughts ?  
But must we aim at things impossible ?  
Are we All compos'd of that same disputa-  
ble element

Whose question'd flames outstrips the  
highest Region ?  
Is there no Earth commixt within us ,  
Or did we drop it at our first creation ?

*Enter Halisdus.*

Thou envious Man, why com'st thou with a  
face  
So wretched, thus to check our joyes ?  
What sorrow 'ist thy tears does thus prog-  
noscate ?

*Hal.* I now lament the wosfull fruits  
Of your dire cruelty : Oh too much wrong-  
ed Princefs !

*Wretched Desdonella !*

*Ber.* What of her ? Perhaps her passion  
Has caus'd her to lay violent hands upon her  
self .

Is't not so ?

*Hal.* Your Highness is too true a Prophet ,  
For the wosfull Princefs when as the fatal  
newes  
Of her dear brothers Misery , resounding in  
her ears

Was seconded by the late publish't edift ,  
Knowing That

# The large Prerogative.

That she could not live without your anger,  
Which to her was worst of miseries,  
Threw her dejected body into the hideous  
stream,  
Where the enamoured waves proud of their  
rich prey  
Even kild her with embracings.

*Ber.* She was a fond and foolish woman.  
We will not spend one tear would it recover  
her.

*Hal.* She lov'd you sir too too well.

*Ber.* For that we will not : Those looser  
thoughts

Shall never ceise *Bermudo* : The world shall  
know,  
To offend in those absurdities is not the Na-  
ture

But the Vice of Power, from which I'll flye  
As from a singing Syren, or a weeping Cro-  
cadile.

*Enter Arontas.*

What newes portends your haste?

*Aron.* Two ships, my gracious Lord, this  
morn

Arriv'd within your harbour, which we,  
Bound by our duty, & your express Command,  
Took, ransaked, and burnt : But seizing of  
the men,

Two cried out, Lay not your hands on sacred  
Majesty ;

For we are Kings : yet nevertheless  
We have brought 'um here to be examin'd  
by your highnes.

*Ber.* Spies on my life ! Let 'um be brought  
before us ;

They shall dye. *Tis I*, their fate, have said it.

*Exeunt.*

Kings are not safe in their own territories ;  
But still are subject unto Treachery.  
He that ascends a Throne by such severe,  
And unjust dealing, goes but on a slippery  
path,

Where but to a stumble is a precipice.  
Beware *Bermudo* then, Traps are laid to take  
thee,

Envie's big, and will be deliver'd of her brat  
Ambition,

Which we must strangle in the Infancy,  
Or all will perish.

He that begins in mischief must go on, and  
in it reign,

If he but leans to virtue once, he fals amain.

*Exi.*

## Actus secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Virtusus* hastily, and *Fidelio* following  
in each hand a naked Rapier.

*Fid.* OH save thee Great Prince, from you-  
der Hill

A fierce and cruell Beast comes raging.

*Vir.* Where is this hideous Monster ?

*Fid.* Alas ! it follows thee. Here, take th-  
sword,

And stand upon thy Guard : See, how I  
yawnes,

As if he meant to swallow thee alive :

His eyes are numberless from which pro-  
ceeds

Such a sulphureous flame, that alas, I fear,  
The very smell will kill thee : Oh what  
black

And noysome mist his gaping mouth sen-  
forth ?

His tongues spit floods of venome, and h-  
reaching tayle

Sweeps down whole mountaines, on his  
Crested back doth rise, so many and suc-  
massy spears,

That you would swear whole Armies  
Came to thy destruction.

*Vir.* I see nothing, sir, so horrid.

*Fid.* Alas, it comes invisible.

*Vir.* Wouldst have me fight with sh-  
dowes ?

I fear you are distracted sir.

*Fid.* So, now yon are safe from compan-  
I'll be more plain.

This fierce inhumane Beast, which I so me-  
tion'd,

Lodges here, here in my Breast his den is,  
Long on my inmost Bowels he has gnaw'd  
Lacking his worthy prey ; But now on the  
He means to seize. Revenge his Name is ;  
You may guess the Monster.

*Vir.* My innocence is ignorant of his Na-  
ture.

*Fid.* I'll prompt it in few words. Yo-  
must dye.

*Vir.* It is acknowledged : So must we All.

*Fid.* Nay, by this Hand I mean, Rever-  
ges Instrument.

*Vir.* I am so innocent,

# Love in it's Ecstasie : or

can't perswade my self to credit you.

*Fid.* Cowards still plead Innocence.

dar' st thou not fight?

*Vir.* My cause too good is, yours too bad.  
I think what a staine my honor would receive,

should I but fight when such an inequality  
arts our causes. *Fid.* Oh Coward!

*Vir.* Are you more valiant, Because  
in a distemper'd rage you dare draw a sword,

Which not provokt you durst not?  
Tis he is truly valiant that will fight,  
Not when his furious Blood boyles  
in his veines thus, not when a servent inun-

daton wells his distemper'd channels, but when  
it coldly flowes

With a mild, soft, and quiet motion :  
those streams that run with such a hideous  
violence

Are still the shallowest ; The silent waters  
Are most dangerous.

If I have wrong'd you sir in such a manner,  
that nought but death will expiate my  
crime,

let me understand my fault before I dye.  
Beasts do not fight without their naturall  
parlye:

*Fid.* I scarce have so much patience  
As to tell thee : Thou had'st a sister.

*Vir.* And, hope I have one yet. What of  
her ?

*Fid.* Canst thou remember her, and no  
crimson Blush

in thy immodest cheeks ? oh impudence!

*Vir.* When I remember her,  
have less guilt than I expected :  
For if my wronging her my onely fault is,  
Heaven knowes I am virtuous.

*Fid.* Hell is divine then : Less Tyranny is  
harbour'd there.

For to cloyster up a sister be a vertue,  
Let me be vicious Heavens: For to have kill'd  
her

Had been charity ; But to bury her alive  
Where she must still consume in Loves hot  
torturing flames

And never perish, is an act that Saints  
All humane Malice. Know'st not me yet?  
Know'st not *Fidelio* ?

*Vir.* *Fidelio* ! Let me embrace thee : I  
must.

*Fid.* Keep off dissembling Crocodile :  
Too long

Has the thought of thee already rioted in my  
bosome,

Which now I'le banish quite : Prepare to  
dye.

*Vir.* Hold yet your hand :

She is not in a Nannery as you think.

*Fid.* Ha ! Is she dead then? oh my mis-  
construing soul !

'Tis too true : Can I know it,  
And let thee live a minute after ?

*Vir.* Do not abuse your patience : She is  
not dead.

*Fid.* What happy place containes her  
then ?

*Vir.* I know not that sir.

When that my Father did with bad succels  
Send unto *Delphos*, to demand what fortune  
Should betide my sister, after that solemn  
Contract

That was made between you, He received  
from thence.

This short but fatall Oracle.

*Brabantas* take this answer, and no other,  
Thy daughter's born to disenthronre her  
Brother.

The'e words did so ingrage my Father,  
To think his own bowels should root out  
His own posterity, that nought but  
The immurement of my sister could asswage  
his Passion ,

Which shortly he determin'd to performe ;  
But she, the night before that dismal day,  
The silent darknes helping her escape,  
Departed from the Court ; But whither  
I am uncertain, for my raging Father  
Supposing me the plotter of her flight , next  
day

Did banish me his Kingdom , on pain of  
dea: h

Not to return without her.

First to *Pelorus* I begun my voyage,  
Which then I found all drown'd in tears,  
Lamenting your departure, which as I heard  
Her late suppos'd immurement had caus'd.  
Long there I staid not, but sayling onwards,  
The tempestuous Sea cast me unawares  
On this infortunate Kingdome ; VVhere I  
shall never finde her.

*Fid.*

# The large Prerogative.

*Fid.* And would'st thou carry her back again  
To her imprisonment? Oh! the unconscio-  
nable

*Cruelty of a Brother!*

*Vir.* Do not deceive your self. Heaven  
Knowes

My thoughts are innocent.

*Fid.* Talk not of innocence false man,  
It is a virtue which thy childhood nere  
I could boast off,  
Thy tainted blood runs thick within thy  
veines,

And I must vent it, lest it prove dangerous.

*Vir.* 'Twill prove as clear as christall  
In token of my Innocence: No silver wan-  
dering stream shall with a purer current flow, than this  
My unpolluted blood shall, to invite  
Thy guilty hands, to wash them of their  
staine.

*Fid.* There I could bathe eternally, and  
Never faint. Prepare. Have at you sir. So cunning?

*They fight, and a Letter drops.*

*Vir.* Hold: What had I forgot?  
For this same crime *Fidelio* I will not dye  
Innocence is wrong'd in't: I'll give thee  
A juster cause for thy Revenge, thy sisters

Will Here in this letter 'tis inclos'd.

*He gives him the Letter.*

*Fid.* Letters to me from *Theibia*? art sure  
The inclos'd injunctions are to kill thee?

*Vir.* Her threatning brow, at my departure  
told me so.

VVhen I receiv'd them, me thoughts her  
face appear'd.

Like to a quiet stream, crispt on the suddain  
By some gentle winde, which soon too soone

Arose to Billowes; Then her tongue  
Proclam'd me vagabond, commanding me

to finde My sister and her Brother, or neer to see her  
ob or more.

*Fid.* Thou wilt grow odious to all the  
world.

She lov'd thee once *Virtusus*, and ever would  
Had not thy virtue fail'd, for which

If now she has sent thy doome,  
Millions of Armies shall not hold

From acting a Revenge, that shall puzzle  
All the Furies for to second.

*He reads.*

*Vir.* Never did guilty Prisoner at the Bar  
Await the sentence of the Magistrate, with  
such

A Holy and Religious fear as I do mine.  
See how his clouded brow  
Already doomes me guilty: Such another  
look

Would save the Executioner his labour.

*Fid.* Oh cruell sister! Would'st have  
me pardon him?  
Think'st thou he is innocent? the cruell  
Leopard  
Is less spotted.

*Enter a Messenger.*  
The Newes?

*Mess.* The Prince *Charastus* is return'd  
from Court,  
And does desire a speedie conference.

*Fid.* Wee'l wait him instantly.  
*Mess.* But good sir, stay not; The affaire  
He layes, is very weighty.

*Fid.* My sisters pleasure, and the Kings  
affairs

Desers our combate till some other time,  
meane while

Read this inclosed Letter, my sister fends  
it thee,

She'l not the Proverb break,  
Love bids us write what we are sham'd to  
speak.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 2. Sce. 2.*

*Enter Arontas and Spadatus.*

*Spa.* VVhy so sad Arontas?  
Can the Honors lately confer'd upon you  
Make you forget your wonted liberty?

*Aron.* I am already weary with their bur-  
then;

Fate has converted my felicity to a wicked-  
ness

So horrid, that the Ghosts of injur'd Kings  
VVill for ever haunt me.

*Spa.* VVhat desert in thee can procure  
So Royall Attendance?

*Aron.* Hast thou not heard then of that  
cruelty  
Which will for ever record my name

Amongst the Tyrants ?

Spa. I yet am ignorant ; Prithee inform me.

Aron. I tremble but to think on't.

The Kings of *Pachynus* and *Pelorus*, going to *Delphos*

To consult , about the finding of their late lost Children,

W<sup>er</sup>e by the last infortunate Tempest

Cast on this Shore.

Spa. What of that ?

Aron. I bound by my new got office, and the hopes

Of future honor, presented them to the King,

Who, contrary to my expectation, has,

As Spyes, condemn'd them , left by their flight

The world should know the Tyrany of his cruell Lawes.

Spa. And must they dye then ?

Aron. Most certain.

Spa. Surely they must not.

Aron. W<sup>hy</sup>? what should hinder ?

Spa. The people.

Aron. Heavens keep such thoughts from Sicily.

The People ? they resist Authority ?

Spa. May they not oppose a Tyrant ?

Aron. Take heed whil'st they oppose one They introduce not thousands. Be confident

The ruine , spoile and rape of Innocence that attends

But one such single act , will be far greater than

The malice of ten Tyrants can ever perpetrate.

Spa. Though Innocence may suffer for a while in it,

And much too, Yet we shall at length be free.

Aron. Nevet, Oh never. Ope but that gap once,

And ten thousand unseen miseries will enter. Those whom the People dote on so, admire,

And saint for seeming virtues , if they once get power

(Heavens having stamp that curse stift on such changes)

Will turn the greatest and the worst Tormentors.

Oppression in a lawfull King, is but a kinde of wantonnes ; But in all others , a Necessity. No power, I must confess, There is without its whip ; but the usurper Lashes with Scorpions.

Spa. Then we can change again.

Aron. Most likely sir you will.

Change will beget a change, till All are nothing.

Rebellion is a Circle that will finde no end. Till men want Ambition , or the Peoples, Madnes.

Spa. What must we do then ?

Aron. Keep close unto that sacred rule of strict obedience.

Though Tyrants reign, one grave , or age may end it ,

But Government let loose to change, and popular disorders ,

Contracts that ruine which nothing but eternity can bury.

Spa. I find it a sad truth ; yet would these Kings

W<sup>er</sup>e sav'd though. I am strangely troubled.

Aron. No King can fall, but good men finde an Earthquake.

Spa. Shall we to Court, and see the event ?

Aron. Lead on, I'lle follow. Oh Allegiance, Thou elder child of Virtue , Lend us thy passive fortitude.

With that high Saint-like goodness arm this Nation.

Resistance ever brings a swift damnation.

Exeunt.

Act. 2. Sc. 3.

Enter *Brabandas*, *Sperazus*, and *Taylor*.

Jay. My Lords , the King commands him to ye

In this Message. He bad me tell ye , Ye must prepare your selves for a Noble, Suddain, and a fatall entertainment.

Bra. What does his cruelty entend to do now ?

Jay. No more than *Tarquin* did to the Poppeys

When he lopp'd their stately heads off.

Bra. Must then our Heads goe off ?

Jay. Sir ; They must be cut off : My worship

# The large Prerogative.

Is appointed to execute that honourable function.

*Bra.* Base peasant, has thy Master sent thee To jeer our Misery?

*Jay.* Good words sir, I shall be a cruell Destiny, And have three cuts at your thread of life else.

*Bra.* Thus dares the baser *Ass* revile the dying Lyon.

Hence thou unnecessary Parenthesis of Nature, Or by my just anger, thou shalt be our Harbinger.

*Jay.* I am gon, but shall return in Thunder. *Exit.*

*Bra.* Oh ye powers! Where's that Majestick glory, which to Kings

Is still essentiaill? where is that awfull power Which our least Nod may justly chalenge? Surely you have but flatter'd us, else Peasants tongues

Could ne're thus triumph o're our Misery:

*Spe.* Be patient Great *Brabantas*.

*Bra.* Oh'tis above my patience, that we two VVhom the All-potent Gods have fram'd their Image,

And have given as equall power to rule in Earth

As they in heaven, should thus be mock't by one

Whom Natures over-charged breast has vomited,

And made a droffy lump worth nought

But scorn and foul reproach of purity.

Kings are Earths Gods, how dares the baser sort

Prophane their Deities?

*Enter Fidelio and Virtusus like Priests.*

*Vir.* Most Royall sirs, no sooner did your sad estate

Arrive our Knowledge, but it rais'd Pity within us, so far, that being bound By the Religion of our office, and the commiseration

Of your Miseries, we thought it fit to visit ye, And prescribe some necessary comfort.

*Bra.* There is no comfort left beyond my miseries.

That name is banish'd quite; my crime so horrid is,

That all the infernall torments will be But my deserved penance, and no punishment,

And the enduring them but my devotion, and no sufferance.

Oh reverend Fathers! there's such a crime Lyes burthening my sad conscience, that to relate it

VVould affright your ears, and puzzle Your Inventions for a penance. *(nance*

*Fid.* Let not the defect of a sufficient penance Make you irreligious; Heavens mercy Is above your crime.

*Bra.* Had there been ever sin of such an exorbitant nature

For their mercies president, I might be eonfident;

But now to hope it, were flat impudence. The crying voyses of my injur'd children Are too clamorous for any prayers of mine To arive there.

*Vir.* No question sir your Childrens cryes Are Mediators for you. They will but prove the steps

Whereby your prayers may easily ascend: It is their filiall duty.

*Bra.* Ought there to be a filiall duty Where no paternall care was? Such goodness Would but aggravate my crime; should they But plead for me, how wicked then were I In wronging them? oh sirs!

Is't not a crime most horrid, when a father Shall immure his daughter in a Nunnery, Because a foolish Oracle did say, she was born

To disinthrone her Brother?

*Fid.* Will not a carefull Husbandman oft-times

Cut off a branch, because he sees it may offend

Some other? Necessity compelleth oft to cruelty.

And he is mad that will not part VVith a corrupted limb, when it may prove Injurious to the whole body.

*Bra.* But he is worse that kills himself, Because he wou'd not dye. Shall I For fear of drowning from a well rig'd ship Leap down into the waves? This is

*Love in it's Ecstasie: or,*

Wilfully to court, that which I fain would shun.

*Vir.* Your Son sir I perceive in this Was chieftest Author; 'Twas his accursed fear

That made your tenderness to use, Such rigour on your daughter. Though him you father, Father not his crimes.

*Bra.* Wouldst have me still heap sin on sin?

Is not the ruine of a daughter an offence sufficient,

But must I rob a Son too of his Honor, And make a rape of Innocence my Relaxation?

My soul already is replenish't, I need not bring

Vice in a newer fashion: Had he been guilty He might have rested safely in *Pachynus*.

*Fid.* No more: It is enough *Virtusus*.

*They discover.*

*Bra.* I would my eyes were fountains Fraught with tears, that I might ever Weep for joy at this thy safety.

*Spe.* My Son *Fidelio*, welcome to my Arms;

Now let me dye *Bermudo*, for thus supported Dare I stand out braving Fate, and make Death tremble at my boldness.

*Bra.* Arise my son; Let all the blessings That the Earth can give to mortalls, light on thee:

That thou mayst safely florish and spring up, When this same withered truncks's blown down.

By ages Tyranny.

*Fid.* Trifle not time Great Sirs. Take these our ill beseeming robes, in these You may escape the Keepers curious eye, And pass all undiscovered.

*Bra.* But how will ye escape then?

*Vir.* Leave that to Heavens and us.

Dispute it not: I pray make haste.

*Spe.* Heavens be your guard then.

*Vir.* And yours.

*Exeunt Bra. and Spe.*

*Fid.* Oh *Virtusus*, Pardon my infidelity, No thoughts of mine was the first that caus'd That foul suspition of thy Loyalty, Only the ill sounding Trump of fame

Blew some such speeches to my ears, which they

Too suddenly entertain'd, and would as suddenly

Have banisht'd, had not some envious tongues Then seconded it. That friendship which before

I vow'd, shall now be establish'd; I have call'd a Parliament within me, 'Tis now confirm'd by Act. Fool that I was Ever to mistrust thee.

*A continued cry within of Fire.*  
Heark, tis done; *Charastus* now I see Thou art truly faithful.

*Enter Charastus hastily.*  
*Cha.* The Lodge is fir'd, the Keeper's gone,

And I am pursude. Both. How? pursude?

*Cha.* Time will not give us leave to talk on't;

Make haste, and save your selves. *Exeunt.*

*A confused company pass o're the stage,*  
*crying Stop the Shepherd.*

*Act. 2. Sce. 4.*  
*Enter Bermudo and Arontas.*

*Ber.* What tumult's grown in our disturbed Court?

Will not the heavens permit me for to take One peacefull hour, But must they still Molest my wearied fenses with these dismal sounds?

But heavens I thank ye: ye have now awak't And summon'd up an almost forgot Revenge: The slow pac't time is now fulfill'd in which

The two proud insolent Kings are doom'd to suffer. *A cry within of fire.*

*Heark:* Surely the Gods already have pre-pard a fire,

And do expect the Kings for sacrifice.

*A cry again of fire.*  
Still more and more; Look out *Arontas*.

*Exit Arontas.*  
What should these flames portend? what secret mystery

Is in Fate, that passes thus a Kings capacity? Be it good or bad, speak it ye powers; Speak it in thunder Heavens: or if, The affrighted world must still be ignorant of its ruine,

Let some gentle wind whisper it to me alone: *Why*

Why should *Bermudo* be deni'd to be Fates  
Councillor?

If it be treachery against me you would con-  
ceal thus,

Be speedy in your plots, I will unfold 'um  
else,

Unlock fates Cabinet, rip ope the all-con-  
taining breasts

Of the inscrutable destinies, where thus  
I'le dissipate them all. Ha ! *A shout within.*

Why tremblest so my breast ? wilt never be  
refind

From that terrestriall passion ? Are not my  
thoughts

Too crown'd ? Must they still live  
In base subjection unto fear ?

*Enter Arontas.*

The cause *Arontas*, quickly ?

*Aron.* The Porters lodge, most gracious sir,  
Fir'd by a malicious Shepherd, caused.

These sudden acclamations of your Subjects.

*Ber.* And was that a fit subject for their ri-  
diculous shouts ?

Now I perceive they are weary of my go-  
vernment,

Else my danger could nere beget their mirth.

*Aron.* The mirth proceeded at the Shep-  
herds Apprehending :

See where he is.

*Enter Spadatus Fayler and Guard bring-  
ing in Virtusus and Fidelio.*

*Fay.* Justice most gracious Sovereign: Ju-  
stice I desire.

*Ber.* 'Tis Treason to suspect the contrary.  
Which was the Author of the flames ?

*Fay.* Of that your great Authority must  
inform you,

For both were taken flying, yet but one  
Was seen about the Lodge ; which that one  
was

By examination you may easily find sir.

*Ber.* Be assur'd wee'l do our best : it con-  
cerns us neerly.

In the mean while fetch you forth the Pri-  
soners.

*Fay.* Your Highness will shall be obey'd.

*Exit.*

*Ber.* VVhen the severer hand of Justice  
menaceth destruction

The innocent oft trembles, when the guilty  
smiles :

How often has my doom beat terror  
To affrighted Innocence, yet these two  
Conscious persons, which raught upon  
cessity expect

Its fatal fall on them dare arm themselv  
With impudence, and suffer their audacie  
To outface my justice, appearing rather  
My Judges than my Prisoners.

Are all good manners blotted from yo  
memory ?

If that the horror of my Justice cannot  
Beat down those stubborn flood-gates, yet I  
Your guilty consciences make roome f  
showres

Of penitentiall tears to wipe away  
My hovering severity, or it will fall as un  
voidable

As deadly. VVhen heavens thunder spea  
The senseles Ash will bow his head in a tr  
Submissive reverence, but the stubborn O  
Unmov'd refists their threatnings, and wi  
soaring pride

Advances still his branches ; But oft tim  
we see

He payes a fatall forfeit for his impudenc  
So shall ye.

*Vir.* He stands to be suspected sir th  
basely fears.

Who would commit pure and undefile  
Innocence

Unto so cowardly a protection ?

*Ber.* VVho dares be vicious, dares be in  
pudent in deniall.

That is an essentia part of Villany ;  
He is but a poor proficient in the Mercuri  
Art,

That frames not an excuse before the Plot

*Fid.* Excuses sir we have none : There  
Too great a contrariety 'twixt. innocent  
and them,

One breast cannot harbour both.

*Ber.* That Innocence which you so false  
to you

Attribute, is but an excuse it self, or othe  
wise

It would have dar'd the utmost of suspic  
And not have caus'd such timerous flight.

*Fid.* Does not the Lamb the sacred E  
bleme

Of happy Innocence, make haste away, if  
once spy

Love in its Exaltation

ravenous Wolfe pursue him ? and yet his flight  
ought not to raise the least suspicion of his virtue.  
The dismal noyse of Fire worse than a ravenous wolf  
allowed our ears, which made us I confess to flee ;  
ut whither ? only to your Court sir.  
ad we been guilty, we never could suppose our Court to be our Sanctuary ;  
or he is mad, that having slain the husband will seek protection in the widows house :  
We had been far worse, that having fir'd a Member,  
Would dare to take refuge in the body.  
Vill e're the timerous Hart flie unto the Hunter ?  
or the harmless Dove meet the pursuing Falcon ?

*Enter Tayler.*

Jay. Mercy most gracious Sovereign, Mercy I desire.

Ber. Where are the prisoners fir'd ?

Jay. They have escap't, my Liege. Mercy, oh mercy.

Ber. Escap't ? Speak it again villain.

Jay. They have escap't. Oh mercy.

Ber. Escap't ? what treachery is hatching in the infernall Pit ?

That damn'd Magitians has the Furies sent o stupiſe a Kings divinity ? ye heavenly Powers, and you diviner Providence, yield, yield your precedency to Hell, from thence proceeds the Master-piece of plots

hat justly robs you of Supremacy. Escap't ! was as easie for a Lamb to escape from out the pawes of a half starv'd Lyon, or for a damned body to return from out the jawes of Acheron, had they not been more than mortall. They were Devils, damned Devils, ent from Hell to jeer me.

ad they no other shapes to personate but Kings ?

ust Divinity become a cloak to Treachery ? h ye Gods restore 'um back again, i take your Bounties.

Aron. Good my Lord, this passion ill becomes your Highness.

Ber. I am mad Aronias, stark mad : Fury like lightning feeds upon my soul. Good Heavens send down some ministring Spirit

To divert this flame, or I shall fall Arm'd with an universall ruine. Hear me Ye just powers, 'Tis I, Fates Fate, intreat ye.

*Enter Halsdus, and Thesbia in boyes Apparel.*

And art thou come bleſt Spirit ? why now I see

The Heavens are but our wishes Instruments. Hail glorious Saint, thy charity has rob'd thee

Of thy excellence : Thou that sat'st enthron'd Amongst the Deities, filling the heavenly Quires

With thy Harmony, whil'st with thy notes The emulous Sphears jar'd in confusion, Why hast thou vouchſaf't to lay aside Divinity,

And visit poor and undeserving Mortalls ?

*Hail.* Mistake him not my Lord : He is a Mortall,

Sent as a Preſent from your Subjects

That guard the confines.

Ber. Thou art blind, old man, I can per- Divinity within him, the least part whereof Will make a monster of Perfection. Nor shall I

Think him less than he does seem to be, Unless his courteous voyce proclaim it.

*Thes.* Let no supposed excellence in me Make you an Idolater, but if you see ought In this poor fabrick, worthy this Admirations, Admire the Deity that did infuse it : Give not the creature the Creators due.

Ber. If beauteous sweet thou art mortall, as yet

I am not fully ſatisfied, Tell me thy name and Country.

*Thes.* Anthrogonus men call me fir. Pelorus is my native Country.

Ber. Oh happy Country that canſt boast of ſuch a rarity !

Look herē effeminate men, ye that with im- partiall eyes

Adore a thing call'd woman, here, here You may find a difference ; but I have too much lost my ſelf.

Revenge

Revenge bids me retire. *Jayler*, were not  
thy head  
Too base to answer for two Kings,  
I'de make thee an example to succeeding  
times  
For such neglef<sup>t</sup>full villains.

*Jay.* Oh ! good my Lord ! my Lodge was  
fir'd only,  
That I being busie in the quenching it  
They might escape.

*Ber.* Thou promptst me well. Shepherds  
confess or dye.

*Fid.* He that confesses fir an undone crime,  
Deserves the punishment of the sacrilegious,  
Honor, that Holy and Religious Mysterie, is  
desil'd in't,  
And if they be punish'd in the highest na-  
ture

That rob a Church of some divine and holy  
ornament,  
What punishment deserve they that take  
away  
Divinity it self, and make a rape of their De-  
votion.

Honor a household God is, which remov'd  
Destruction surely enters.

*Ber.* Not confess then ?  
Oh Allegiance, where's now thy former  
glory ?  
Me thinks I see thee buried in the earth,  
Crying aloud for vengeance on these Tray-  
tors.

Rest quiet soul, I will assert thy cause,  
And wreck thy vengeance in a full effusion  
Of blood and horror.

Once more bold Shepherds wee'l vouchsafe  
to ask ye,  
Will ye confess the Author ? we may be  
merciful.

*Fid.* I'le not bely our Innocence to gain  
your mercy.

Let me be tortur'd with all the torments  
That timpanized cruelty swel'd to the height  
Could ever yet invent first.

*Ber.* Let him have his will in't.  
Away with him to Tortures.

*Vir.* Oh spare his life great King ; Spill  
not one drop  
Of his pure innocent blood. 'Tis worth thy  
Nation.

*Ber.* Let him confess then.

*Vir.* I will confess what ever you will have  
me.

*Ber.* Didst thou not fire the Lodg then ?  
*Vir.* Alas I did not.

*Ber.* *Jayler* away with him.  
*Vir.* I did, upon my knees I did.  
*Fid.* Believe him not great King : 'tis his  
accursed Policy

To rob me of the glory of my sufferings.

*Vir.* Shall I not be believ'd then ? Sta  
you need

No witness, when you have one really con  
fessing.

*Thes.* It is confess'd you see great si  
what would you more ?

Be now a King and pardon him :  
Rigor becomes your petty Magistrates th  
know

Nothing of their Authority, but oppressio  
A Throne's a Mercy-seat, and he that si  
thereon

Ought to distribute it, where ere he sees  
True penitence, that's promis'd by co  
fession.

*Ber.* Peace *Anthrogonus*,  
He is not worth thy pleading for.

*Thes.* Those better spirits that ascend  
Will oft look down, and wherefore they si  
Virtue oppressed, will vouchsafe to help wi  
pitie.

I do no more, I pity him, and spend  
Some tears, and prayers, a poor boyes bene  
volence.

*Ber.* Thy tears *Anthrogonus* have prevail'd  
My adamant heart melts at those shower  
He shall live. And be thy prisoner onl

No more.  
Come, wee'l be for Martiall sports : The  
Boar

Wee'l hunt to morrow. Prepare our javelin  
A King like a Colossus stands, or'e stridin  
fate

Whil'st envies sails swel'd with ambition  
windes

Bloateth between his legs, and cracks he  
Mast

With Admiracion only at his height : N  
Fate

The true Nativity of Kings can calculate.

*Exeunt.*

*AET.*

*Aetus tertius. Scena Prima.*

Enter Charamus.

ba. **Not** one tear more I'll spend for thee my sister ;  
is a grief too light to solemnize thy execu-  
tions. ty heart in silence shall weep blood, when  
I remember  
esdone's fate. Hence then effeminate tears :  
e are too soft an expreſſer of my misery,  
he fenceless Trees but struck in favor by  
the Sun  
Vill do as much, and shall. When fortune  
darts  
er reall beams of malice, express no greater  
er sorrow ?  
es, an inward bleeding is most dangerous,  
hat, that I will learn to practise.

Enter Fidelio.

**Cha.** *Fidelio!* Let me embrace thee.  
do contain more worth within these arms  
han *Atlas* bears upon his shoulders. Speak  
dearest friend.  
Vhere is *Virtusus* ? living or 'mongſt the  
dead ?

**Fid.** Alive too, but in prison.  
**Cha.** I'll free him instantly ; He have my  
Crown again,  
oo long *Bermudo* has usurpt it : I'll break  
upon him,

like some direfull Comet sparkling my ven-  
geance  
Bout his Throne ; or like a swelling Chan-  
nel o'g damn'd up

Vill I discharge my streams on all sides of  
him,

ushing forth with a strong and hideous tor-  
rent  
As mischievous as irrefistable.

**Fid.** Forbid it Providence. Be not too  
rash fond man,  
Rigion, and your sacred Lawes oppose it.  
You have indulg'd him all the Prerogatives  
of Majesty,  
rown'd him your self, and should you now  
ay violence hands upon him before his  
Crown is forfeited,  
How would you violate your Laws, and  
scandal

Your Religion ? Think what an easie preſi-  
dent

'Twill be hereafter to your Subjects.

**Cha.** Far be it from me to violate Reli-  
gion :

I would not for the worlds vast Monarchy  
Receive the morgag'd Crown before its for-  
feiture.

I'll wed *Flavanda* first, so doing  
Religion seconds my attempts, and restores  
The Diadem again unto me.

**Fid.** Still you grow rasher : will you for a  
Crown

Receive a Serpent to your bosome ? His  
Sister ?

VVill all your glory, and your high swoln  
Make constant her that loves thee not.

Take heed, there's danger in't, great danger.

**Cha.** Her Love's more constant than the  
Rocks,

Leſs blasted with the puffs of vain Ambition:  
Nature has lost the mold where ſhe was  
fram'd,

And cannot ſecond what ſhe did.

'Twas my *Flavanda* whom her curious hand  
From all eternity ſtrove to make perfect.

**Fid.** Were ſhe the exacteſt piece of Curi-  
oſity that ever  
Admiration doated on, yet if ſhe want a ſoul  
Able for to govern all thofe excellencies,  
We cannot ſtyle her perfect (Peffection be-  
ing

The unity of both moſt excellent Our Loves  
Like to our ſelves are ſtill terreftriall,  
Reflecting only on the outward object,  
Without regard of that divine and moſt ce-  
leſtiall

Fabrick of the ſoul We think  
Those ſeeming ſpots withip the Moon, meer  
motes

And blemiſhes, when indeed they are moſt  
pure,

And moſt pellucideſ, ſo on the contrary,  
VVe deem all virtuous that is fair, and yet  
The Moon is fair we muſt confeſl, yet ſhe  
Is only conſtant in Inconſtanty.

**Cha.** Canſt thou look virtuously on any  
thing that's fair ?

Canſt thou behold dame Natures Master-  
piece.

And no new Admirations ſwell thy enamoured  
fancie ?

Canſt

# The large Prerogative.

Canst thou but seeme to court Divinity,  
Or behold the Sun in all his glory, without a  
true  
And reall Adoration ? if so : Go court my  
best *Flavanda*.  
Carry a thousand *Ovids* in thy tongue,  
Let thy words melt to the winning'st elo-  
quence  
That e're enchanted Lady ; Speak in thy  
highest phrase,  
Thou canst not flatter her ; she is as far be-  
yond it,  
As I come short of admiration,  
And if all this does produce a tear,  
Or sigh, more than in pity of thy folly,  
I will as much abhor inconstancy,  
As now I doate upon her excellence.  
*Fid.* I were injurious unto you , and to  
that Deity  
That lies inshrin'd within those rayes ,  
should I  
Presume to approach but with a virtuous  
adoration.  
No immodest thought shall once extract  
An amorous glance , no rude word shall  
preach  
Uncivill doctrin to her , nor any melting  
touch  
Cast a delicious silence o're her body, whil'st  
Her pleas'd eye retorts a second invitation :  
All shall be truly harmles, all divine.  
I'le lay a seeming siege against her constancy,  
And if she bravely can maintain that fort,  
I'le stile thee happy in thy humble choyce,  
happier  
Than those that wed 'bove their aspiring  
fortunes,  
Where every nod of the displeased wife  
Clames an obedience in the Husband.  
*Gha.* On to thy warts then, but take heed,  
Fly not too long about those flames, lest that  
Thy melted wings like to a second *Icarus*  
Throws thee down into a deadly Ocean of  
destruction,  
Where thou must sink eternally : So Fare-  
well.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 3. Scen. 2.*

*Enter Virtusus reading a Letter.*  
*Vir.* Thine for ever *Thesbia*. If this be  
true

I am above thee Fate. Why should I doubt  
it ? Her hand  
Is the truest Character of her faith, her Seal  
The firm and surest obligation of her Love  
Which like the Gordian Knot binds most  
inseparably.  
'Tis that divinest *Thesbia* that has tide  
Our absent souls together, reuniting too  
Our hands though distant in as firm a Knot  
As *Hymen* and his sacred Rites could do,  
though present.  
Be frolick then my soul ; To day  
Thou art wedded to thy happiness. Swell  
high my blood ;  
I'le entertain my *Thesbia* in a dream :  
There my delighted fancy may in spite  
Of cursed distance, kiss its fill,  
There in a second slumber I may lye  
Melting my soul with hers, whil'st each em-  
brace  
Invites another, and each amorous look  
Calls to a second Parley ; There my ravish't  
senses  
Rapt to the highest extasie may find our  
New sorts of pleasures, and sweet fresh de-  
lights.  
Rest here then melting soul, to All good  
night.

*He sleeps*

*Enter Thesbia.*  
*Thes.* Did our chief bliss consist in worldly  
pleasures  
As *Epicurus* did define, I might suppose my  
self  
Most happy ; But alas, take heed,  
Trust not a Lyon though he fawns.  
Oh ye powers ! why did ye not ?  
When this same fabrick lay like melted wax  
Void of all form or feature, why did ye not  
Frame it most miserable ? why was I made  
Beyond the reach of happiness ?  
I would *Bermudo* thou hadst hated me,  
I could have been ambitious then , and  
Crowns  
Are like Love, nere pleasant but in getting,  
Once got, they are troublesome : Happiness  
consists  
In expectation only ; Fond Gamblers when  
they play  
Desire to win, but having won, their p'ay is  
ended.

**D**

**Sick**

*Love in it's Extasie : or*

Sick men wil please their thoughts with that,  
Which to enjoy were deadly : Ambition  
Were a virtue could it shun the end.  
What sleeping prisoner ? Thou art happy  
in thy thraldom ;

Kings cannot sleep so soundly ;  
Where is my father Shepherd ? where is he ?  
For whom thou endur'st this thraldom ?  
Cannot thy sleeps inform me ? This Paper  
may.

*She takes the Letter.*

Ha ? Amaze me not ye Heavens !  
Do not abuse my too inclining senses with  
the sight  
Of this same flattering object. Oh desire  
Thou art a false Optick misleading of our  
fancies

To that sight which most we covet.  
Why thus transform'd *Virtusus* ? Are these  
a Princes Robes ?

Is sleep a Lovers fellow ? at noon tide too ?  
Then *Thesbia* is forgotten.

Sleep on sweet soul , she has deserv'd thy  
scorns ;

Let Quires of heavenly Spirits guard thy  
slumbers,

And when thou walk'st let thy enamoured soul  
Turn to those pleasing sounds : *Thesbia*  
would have

No mortall Rival. Alas he wakes.

*Vir.* Stay *Morpheus* stay , force not thy  
leaden wings

So quickly from mine eyes : oh let me ere  
behold

This pleasing object. How has my fancy  
Travel'd all this while ? what Seas , what  
Gulfs,

What unknown Lands has my imagination  
compast ?

If dreams those weaker fancies of our brain  
Can work so really upon our souls ,  
Oh let me dream eternally, let all my life  
Be one continued slumber : Ha ? a Vision !

*Thes.* No, a reall piece of Misery, one that  
begs

Upon his knees a Curtefie.  
*Vir.* Thou art my Jayler boy ,

Thou mayst command it.

*Thes.* I not command, but my obedient  
soul

Popes out it self in supplication : Because I

am your Jayler.

Let not that keep back your clemencie ,  
I will become your fellow-prisoner rather ,  
Weep when you weep , sigh when you sigh ,  
And be the true and perfect flatterer of your  
misery.

Tell me, oh tell me ! where's that unhappy  
King *Speratus* ,

Whose life thy los's of liberty has purchas'd ?  
Long have I fought him up and down ,  
Yet still was so unhappy as to miss him.

*Vir.* Wouldst thou betray him then false  
Boy ?

*Thes.* Far be it from me, I would but chide  
him only ;

Tell him he was cruell, inhumanely cruell ,  
Cruell to his own dear daughter ,  
Robbing her of that affection by his strict  
command

Which she had plac't on Prince *Virtusus* :  
Nor was this enough to satisfie his ire ,  
But he must force her to revile him too ,  
(Heaven knows too much against her will .)  
How oft poor maid has she with showres of  
tears ,

Distilled from those never empty fountains ;  
Pray'd that the heavens would set an ever-  
lasting seal

Upon those lips that utter'd such a propha-  
nation ?

But they reserv'd them for to sing in heaven ,  
As now they do .

*Vir.* Is she dead then ?  
*Thes.* No, she lives in heaven a sacrifice  
Unto *Virtusus* ire .

*Vir.* I have heard too much : Hence  
Night-Raven

Hencethou black interpreter of death ,  
Haste to the Stygian shades, be never more  
Here heard on earth : Thy voice will blast  
us all .

*Thes.* I am sorry sir — .  
*Vir.* Hold, stop thy accursed Mouth ;

Let it not breath such dismal vapors :  
Haste unto *Pluto*'s Quire, there let the Man-  
drakes voice

Yell forth his Mattens ; Howl there the  
Dirges

Of tormented souls ; Learn Harmony from  
Toads .

*Thes.* Yet hear me .  
*Vir.* Never, oh never .

*Exit.*  
*Thes.*

*The large Prerogative.*

*Thes.* Thus often Politicians with their  
too much care  
Turn what was perfect to a just dispair.  
*Exit.*

*Act. 3. Sc. 3.*

*Enter Flavanda and Constantina  
as Shepherdesses.*

*Fla.* Call you this place a Cottage, it is a  
beautious  
Palace rather, adorn'd to entertain some  
Deity;

Art sure? and Nature too has met to make it  
A perfect Paradice: I have liv'd in ignorance  
too long;

Courts are false Opticks blinding our weak-  
er fancies

With a false and basely forg'd felicity.  
This is the truest happines.

*Con.* Now I perceive things are most sweet  
Known by their contraries; Courtiers  
'mongst us  
Are had in admiration, we whole simplicity  
Can be but honest only think flattery virtue.  
*one knocks.*

*Fla.* Some one knocks, prithee admit  
him.

*Enter Fidelio.*

*Con.* One from *Charastus* Madam desires  
To speak with you.

*Fla.* From *Charastus*? come you from him  
sir?

Pardon me if I express a greater pleasure  
Than modesty will allow me: How does  
that Prince?

Alas, I fear all is not well you look so  
strangely.

Is he alive or dead? speak quickly, quickly  
gentle sir.

Release me of this fear. Why are you

So cruelly silent?

*Fid.* Admiration Lady stopt my speech:  
He lives,

Lives happily in contemplation of your ex-  
cellence.

*Fla.* Does this same visit sir proceed from  
him?

*Fid.* No Lady: my devotion bound me  
hither

With as great a zeal, as Pilgrims to their  
Pilgrimage.

For since *Charastus* tongue that poor inter-  
preter

Of your worth blaz'd your perfections to me  
My heart would never be at quiet

Till my ambitious eyes were witnesses o  
that excellence,

Which now alas I find of such a ful authority  
That I am forc't to adoration: Thus low

I offer up my self unto your mercy.

Oh be as gentle then as fair,

And let some shewres of pitié quench those  
flames,

Or cruell love worse than a flash of lightning  
Will confine the Sacrificer, Altar, and the

Sacrifice.

*Fla.* If shewres of tears could quench the  
flame

I would be full of pity, but Loves fire

Is of that nature that the more we strive  
To quench it, the more it still does burn.

Pity its fewell is, and should I spend some

Tears,

It would raise a strange presumption in you  
Of an easie Conquest; I'll not deceive

Your hopes so much: *Charastus* sir has con-  
quer'd,

And is of force to keep. I am only his.

*Fid.* Only his? Good ought to be com-  
mon still:

Do not, oh do not, sweet, confine a happi-  
ness

To only one: Make not a stealth of Natures  
bounty,

But like some gentle stream running betwixt  
two fields

Be a delicious ornament to both.

The twining Ivie that ascends  
Embracing the lou'd Elm will oft vouchsafe

The encircling of some neighbouring bough,  
and yet

The Elm cannot accuse it of inconstancy.

*Fla.* To suffer our affections so to wander  
Were but to prostitute, and make common  
that

Which nature hath reserv'd within' for a  
prize

Due to the most deserving.

*Fid.* The Sun himself nere stands uppon  
curiosity,

But lends his beams to all: He nere regards  
desert.

# Love in it's Ecstasie : or

Be wife *Flavanda*, know he that woes thee  
is a Prince, the Prince of great *Pelorus*  
Whither he shall carry thee in as full a Triumph

As he would his *Penates*.

There thou mayst shine in all thy glory  
Whil'st thy Beholders melt to see those  
rayes,

And never seek a shade to shelter them.

Whil'st here you stay, the Tyrants Law  
Worse than a grossy exhalation duls your  
beams,

Not suffering them to shine at all, no not so  
much

As on my friend *Charastus*.

*Fla.* With what face dare you call him  
friend

Whom thus you strive to ruine ? Can you  
suppose

He will forget this injury ? Surely

Hee'l ever hate you for't.

*Fid.* Hee'l rather love me for't :

Atheists themselves love Atheists, and shall  
we,

We of so pure a faith maintain a hate  
Against one another for being of the same  
Religion ?

How injurious should we prove unto that  
Deity

To whom we pay this reverence,

Should we but think her mercy lay confin'd  
Within the circumscribed bounds of con-  
stancy,

Or suppose that that love can ere be limited

By a promise which Nature has made free;

Love rests not in a point, 'tis large,  
Diffusive as the Ayre, not like a stream that  
still

Tends to the Ocean, but like some wandring  
flood

Which at the will and pleasure of the Spring  
Returns unto her bosom : Draw part, Sweet,  
Of that wandring flood to this side of the  
fountain,

Here let it come in a full effusion,  
I'll meet its pleasing Billows with a virgin  
Love

That yet remains unstain'd, unproffer'd, un-  
polluted.

*Con* Thou lyest, false man, 'tis stain'd, 'tis  
proffer'd,

And polluted too.

*Fid.* Nay, blush not, Sweet :

Thou'l make *Aurora* blush to see her self  
out-gon

In her peculiar excellence.

*Fla.* Let not this crimson have a coloura-  
ble mistake,

'Tis a red flag of just defiance 'gainst thy  
Treachery.

Recant fond man, thou wilt grow odious else,  
More odious to me than my evill *Genius* :

I shall abhor thy fight till penitence  
Has washt away this prophanation. Dearest  
of Friends,

If e're thou wilt do a favour to *Flavanda*,  
Haste to *Charastus*, Tell him this man's dis-  
loyalty.

He surely will severely punish it.

*Con.* I obey most willingly.

*Exit.*

*Fid.* Now She's gone, I am not what I  
seem'd

The base abuser of thy constancy : No saw-  
cy flame

Burns now within my veins, 'Tis a religious  
fire,

I cannot stile it love, but zeal.

Why didst thou sweet suspect me ? I was  
Too confident to be a Lover : Loves flames  
burn high

Still trembling with their height ;

Mine were too base, and too audacious.

Be happy now *Flavanda*, ere that too mor-  
rows Sun

Shall deck these meadows with his beams

*Hymen* shall joyn you to *Charastus*. I was sent  
Not as his Rival, but his Instrument.

*Exeunt,*

*Act. 3. Sc. 4.*

*Horns within.*

*Enter Bermudo.*

*Ber.* This Boar has mist us strangely : I'll  
see

Whither I can trace him in the woods.

*He goes out and enters again.*

No sign at all ? 'Tis strange : Where lies  
the wind ?

North

North or North-East? He must needs be this way.

Stay: what foot is that? 'Tis fresh and newly printed.

Musick below ground.

Ha! Guard me Diana: A Rape, a Rape; Where flies my ravish't senses? oh From what earthly cave proceeds this heavenly harmony?

Dissolve, dissolve my soul, turn Ayr, And Eccho forth those blest harmonious accents;

A voyce too? *Orpheus, Orpheus,* begst thou again *Euricide?*

Let amorous Lovers take delight And glory in variety, Love still to gaze, though every fight Ads still unto their misery.

*Song.* I in a Cave

More pleasure have Loving but one, Than they that love, Still to remove

Can in a Throne.

Surely the ground is holy where I tread; The heavenly Choristers are met to day To consecrate this wood. Eternall Ministers of heaven

If my rash foot has offended in the disturbance

Of your holy Ceremonies, blame my rude forrune.

Oh let me not wander here in admiration thus,

But send some gentle Ayr to be my guide Out of this pleasing Labyrinth: Oh Diana Take pity on your servant.

*Echo. Servant.*

Ber. What voyce calls? Art thou a talking Eccho?

*Echo. No.*

Ber. No? what art thou then? Art thou some gentle Nymph

Inhabiting these woods? or art Diana's self?

*Echo. Diana's self?*

Ber. Most gracious Goddess of these silent groves,

Long has thy servant liv'd the poor admirer Of thy excellence, long has he liv'd in ignorance

Of that glory whose true worth to know

Would surfeit Admiration: Tell me, oh tell me,

Mayst thou be seen by mortall eye?

*Eccho. I.*

Ber. I will no longer live in ignorance.

I'll seek thee in the deepest caves, Search the remotest corners of the wood To view thy splendor. Oh stay then Gentle Goddess,

Fly not hence, oh stay I come.

*Eccho. Stay, I come.*

Ber. Come not to me sweet Goddess, I am not worth such favour: 'tis happiness enough

For me to seek thee, though I were should find thee.

Oh come not then, I am thy servant, I am *Bermudo* stay.

*Eccho. Bermudo stay.*

Ber. Yes, with a zeal as fervent as the Melting Bride expects the wish'd arrivall Of the Bridegroom.

*Enter Desdonella from the Cave attir'd like a Sylvan Goddess.*

*Def.* Lye there thou sweet and sole companion

Of my misery, whil'st I from out this solitary Cave

Behold the so admired fabrick of the Heavens,

And then contemplate on their excellency.

*Ber.* Eternall piece of chastity, at whose shrine

Pure Virgins offer up unspotted incense, Lo thus prostrate at thy feet *Bermudo* lies

Offering himself a most unworthy sacrifice.

*Def.* Alas I am betray'd: it is *Bermudo*. I must dissemble.

*Ber.* Beauteous Diana, Goddess of the woods

May I behold thy splendor? As yet I durst not

Lest thy refulgent eyes should blind me for presumption.

Oh draw a veil ore that majestick countenance I shall be blinded else with too much seeing.

*Def.* Mens weaker eyes must not behold Divinity in all its lustre: That were a sight Too glorious, else *Bermudo* I would appear to thee

Deckt with divine, and holy ornaments,  
But envious Fates forbid that happiness to  
man,

I must assume some other shape  
Before thou canst behold me.

*Ber.* Take any gracious Goddess so I may  
see thee,  
Couldst thou assume the Devils 'twould be  
lovely.

*Def.* I have thought of one *Bermudo* not  
so terrible  
Though bad enough, what thinkst thou of  
*Desdonella's*  
The late dead Princess? thou hatedst her  
alive,  
Her shape then surely cannot ravish thee.  
Shall I assume hers?

*Ber.* Oh any gracious Goddess, any.

*Def.* Arise *Bermudo* then, Look up,  
Behold in *Desdonella's* shape *Diana*; Speak,  
Am I not very like her? Can't not perceive  
Her tear swoln eyes, her trembling hands,  
And love-sick countenance? Look I not  
Like a true and perfect Lover?

*Ber.* Oh *Desdonella* wert thou now alive,  
I should admire thee;  
Thy shape was never lovely untill now.  
Thou art transparent grown, I can perceive  
Divinity within thee, the reflection whereof  
Dissolves my frozen bosom, and makes me  
stand

Like to a burning Statue, all on fire.

*Def.* Why tremblest so *Bermudo*? can  
*Desdonella's* shape  
Of late so odious, make thee tremble?  
Fond man, where's thy Allegiance to *Diana*?  
Wher's now that chastity which so oft  
Upon mine Altars thou hast boasted?

*Ber.* Pardon Divinest Goddess; no loose  
desire  
Causes this sudden alteration, no upstart flame  
Makes me forgetfull of my loyalty;  
'Tis not the outward shape that I admire,  
(Though I must needs confess 'tis excellent)  
There's that within clameth an Adoration,  
And I were worse than sacrilegious should I  
rob

Divinity of its due.

*Def.* Look no more thorough that false  
opwick, fear;  
Be not so timorous; Divinity is laid aside,

And I am perfect mortall, come, be confident,  
And kiss our hand; why so fearfull?

*He kisses her hand.*

Now for this favour you'll report *Diana* is un-  
chast.

*Ber.* Let me be blasted then; I were more  
impious  
Than superstition, should I think a kiss or an  
embrace

Could be a breach of chastity; Those are  
rewards  
Given to afflicted goodness; but what merit  
lies in me

Whose just worth from out the center of  
your

Chaster mercies may extract so great a favor  
I must confess I know not, unless I take  
Your liberality for the cause.

*Def.* I am so far from being ingratefull  
unto him  
That harbors but a spark of chastity, that I  
suppose

The favour of our hand, a poor  
And trifling recompense for so much virtue;  
But should I offer up a lip to you *Bermudo*,  
You would be civilly fearfull, thinking me  
Unchast to offer it, and your self  
More impious to receive it.

*Ber.* I were erroneous should I think so;  
Will not the Sun oft-times vouchsafe  
An humble salutation to the earth, and yet  
not lose

One of his chaster glories; far,  
Far be it from me to think, when ere I see  
Approaching beams of Chastity, that I may  
refuse

To meet them with an equall ardour:  
When I consider that the unity of two chaste  
bodies

Makes chastity entirely perfect, I dare put on  
A confidence to salute a Deity,  
Provided always our intents be chaste.  
'Tis not an outward ceremonious action  
That can spot the soul, for could we sin  
And think but chastly, 'twere no fault.  
Arm'd with which opinion I am confident,  
And dare tast the sweetnes of that lip,  
And think it lawfull too.

*He kisses her.*

*Def.* Out impudence; That kiss has pul'd  
a ruine on thee.

Hence

# The large Prerogative.

Hence from my sight, make haste,  
Lest my pursuing vengeance overtake thee.

Exit.

How neer my Virgin-moderest was forfeited?  
Who can look virtuously with affections  
eyes?

Beware ye vestall Virgins, ye that do make  
Your chasteity your Religion, beware of too  
much gazing;  
Eyes oftentimes dart forth a lustre.  
That will dull devotion were it arm'd  
With all its sacred glories.

Enter Halisdus.

Hal. How fares it Royall Princess with  
you

After this wished conference?

Def. As with a weary Mariner shipwrackt  
in the Haven.

Many a tedious voyage has this wandring  
bark  
Past in the gulf of desperation, yet still was  
ever

Lost in the port of happiness; oh Halisdus!  
I am grown weary with this sayling;  
Is there no other way for to be happy,  
But by this most infortunate adventure?

Hal. Yes Madam, if you'll be advis'd. You  
know

On what condition Bermudo holds his  
Crown

Just now with you broke it; If you please  
then

I'le tell your brother of the forfeiture, and so  
To save his life hee'l condiscend unto your  
will.

Def. Accursed policie to shun a rock  
And fall mongst Pyrates; Far,  
Far be it from Desdonella to enjoy that love  
That comes by composition; that were an act  
Becoming those that set a common price on  
Chasteity,

And sell Repentance unto Prodigals.

True love admits no hire, tis Lust not Love  
We bargain for. Grant he has sin'd,

Ought I to punish him: Will ere the Leo-  
pard

Chide the Ermine for being spotted? That  
were

To blame their own deformity in another  
Without excusing of themselves.

Hal. Thou art too virtuous Desdonella:  
None I can blame for thy misfortune but thy  
virtue.

Oh ye powers! Is this that just reward which  
virtue payes?

All will hereafter strive for to be vicious  
If excellency must merit misery. Come  
Desdonella

I'le to thy Cave, and furnish all thy wants:  
Thy virtuous glories had they their perfect  
light

Would puzzle all eternity to write.

Exeunt to the Cave.

Act. 3. Sce. 3.

Enter Constantina.

Con. Where am I now? what mak'st thou  
Constantina here?

Alas I am come to do a Message,  
And have forgot my errand; oh nere re-  
member it.

Could'st thou forget ever, thou might be  
happy.

Thou must accuse Fidelio; Thou must dye  
first:

Though he has sin'd, thy tongue shall never  
punish him.

Oh Fidelio thou art false, false as inconstan-  
cy it self,

False unto me, and to the worlds vast expe-  
ctation too.

Is this the melancholy life thou vow'dst so oft  
To lead in Lelybaeus? why did my soul

Leave her religious Sanctuary, Countrey,  
friends, and all

To see thee court my ruine in an unknown  
Land?

Should I now chide, and seek Revenge,  
I did but Justice, 'Twere equity

No Rigor should I kill thee.

I cannot be so much a woman; oh ye powers  
Why made ye me so soft, and him so cruell.

Enter Charastus.

Hail gracious sir, these so dejected looks  
Speak you Charastus: I have a message to

you,  
Would but your eye suffer your ear to hear  
it.

Why do you gaze so? has your divining soul  
Fore-told

# Love in its Extase: or,

Fore-told the happy tidings that I bring you?  
If some instinct has forestal'd my errand,  
I shall not need for to relate. I'le only tell  
you sir.

You have a friend, by name *Fidelio*, a Man,  
(A mine rather where scatter'd virtues ga-  
ther'd up

Lye hoarded in a commixt unity)

If ere perfection was, it is in him. He Sir  
Has spoke your cause so feelingly to *Fla-  
vanda*;

Pleaded with such divine and holy Oratory,  
That her love now blazes with such violence  
As I could wish you presently would see her.

*Cha.* Divinest closure of a soul more pure;  
No general pardon sent from Heaven  
Could strike attention in me with so great a  
zeal

As thy commanding voyce as don; dearest,  
Dearest *Flavanda* canst thou suppose a poor,  
And silly garment can keep me from  
The discerning of thy excellence, that knew  
it,

When I lay a mishapen Embrio in the  
Chaos?

'Tis not a silken cloud, Divinest, that can hide  
the Sun.

*Con.* You do mistake it sure.  
This is a Meteor only, reflected from the  
true one.

*Cha.* Those rayes are too too glorious  
for reflections,

They cast a lustre would make  
An Angell of *Æ-hiop*, would not their heat  
Convert him to his wonted colour.

Nor can I think such beams can meet  
But in my dear *Flavanda*: Art thou not she?  
I prithee say thou art, 'twill ease me some-  
what.

*Con.* Your reason sir will tell you that I  
am not.

*Cha.* Make me not mad I prithee: can  
there be

Two most excellent, two most rare,  
Two chiefest above all, it is a mysterie  
Beyond two worlds: The Sun admits  
No partner of his glory, the Phœnix no  
partaker,  
Why should not she the chiefest of all wo-  
men  
Assume the like Prerogative? Must there be

A divided essence of an united excellence?  
Oh Nature! why didst thou give to man,  
two hands,

Two eyes, two Affections, and but one heart?  
Pardon divinest Lady if my too much care  
Has made me negligent, there is  
A direfull conflict fought within me by two  
friends,

Either must have victory by my ruine:  
What will that victory yield.

*Con.* I see you are disturb'd sir;  
I'le crave leave to return.

*Exit.*

*Cha.* Thus does the Sun flie our Horizon,  
Thus Night clad in a misty veil,  
Spreads darkness o're the world,  
Whil'st mortals wander in obscurity.  
Oh Love, thou art too much a wanton;  
Thy sport's too serious. VVho fires a  
Church  
Or kills his parents may be happy,  
Repentance oft will wash away that stain,  
But he that loves, loves doubtfully as I,  
No tears, no sorrows, nor repentant sighes  
Can wipe away his misery, but he must dye  
Starv'd in the midst of plenty.

*Enter Fidelio.*

*Fid.* Why so sad *Charastus*? prepare your  
ears  
To entertain news that will startle all your  
Melancholy thoughts, and make your pam-  
perd appetite  
Swell high with contemplation of a happi-  
ness.

*Flavanda*'s constant, more constant  
Than a miser to his gold; The vestal Virgins  
At their Altar may be tempted, but not she.

*Cha.* Oh *Fidelio* thou hast abus'd my trust, I  
Sent thee not to praise my constancy, but to  
try hers;

Didst thou not promise me to court her,  
Nay court her in thy chiefest Rhetorick,  
To use all the persuasions that thy tongue  
Could in civility pronounce?

*Fid.* And so I did, by all that's good, I did.

*Cha.* Thou swearst not by thy self now:  
He is not good that's false unto his friend.  
VVhy stird'st thou a suspition in me of her  
constancy,  
Yet ne're would seek to prove it?

*Fid.*

The large Prerogative.

*Fid.* What Devil has inspir'd thee with  
this falsehood?

*Cha.* It was my better Angel rather  
Sent from Heaven to warn mee.

Didst thou not flatter me? extoll my loy-  
alty

Beyond its merit? Tell her each sigh I spent?  
What tears her love had caus'd?

But that I know she is constant,  
I should suspect her for thy pryses.

*Fid.* If thou believ'st *Charastus* there is  
faith

Or loyalty in *Fidelio*, ( which surely thou  
oughtst not to suspect )

I tempted her as far as piety and friendship  
Would permit me, yet like a stedfast rock  
She stood

Throwing the insulting billows on the mo-  
vers face.

Oh *Charastus* thou art happy ;  
She is a gem incomparable, and did I know  
What envious tongue had blasted thus our  
reputation,

I'd make it eat its venome.

*Cha.* If thou but heardst, it thou wouldest  
start,

And stand amaz'd to hear such sweetness.

*Fid.* Do not delay your joyes with her  
Encomium.

A Priest and your *Flavanda* does expect you  
For to tye that Knot which you before  
Too rashly would have don, had my unlucky  
hand

Not hinder'd it:

*Cha.* Alas *Fidelio* the tide is turn'd ;  
If now you wed me tis unto my grave.  
From my divided heart springs a biforked  
flame,

*Hymen* will stand amaz'd to see't, and will  
not tell

At which to light his torch at.

Farewel *Fidelio*, death he needs not fear  
That does desire to meet it every where.

*Exit.*

*Fid.* Oh Love thou art too cruell ! How  
canst thou tyrannize

Ore his too soft nature ? Hadst thou but eyes  
Thou then wouldest pity him, but as thou

art,

Blind and obdurate, thou shootst at random  
still ;

So fortune guides thy shafts, and always she  
Upon desert spends all her cruelty.

*Exit.*

*Actus quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Flavanda.*

*Fla.* The lying Painters picture aged time  
With wings at's heels, as if he always  
flew ;

But that their licence warranteth their acts  
I justly might accuse them of their falsehood ;  
The time that Love obeys is slow, exceeding  
dull,

He'd back with leaden fetters.  
Each tedious minute makes a week,  
Each moneth an age, and each delaying year  
Seems fully a Platonnick.

*Enter Charastus.*

*Cha.* Whither dispair do't hurry me ?  
What new found death canst thou invent  
For an inconstant Lover ? If there be one  
Which never yet imagination compast, let  
me enjoy

Its wish't virginity, I have deserv'd it fully.

*Fla.* Talk not of death *Charastus* now ;  
my arms shall be  
Thy living sepulcher, my Bed thy winding-  
sheet ;

*Hymen* shall write thy joyfull Epitaph,  
And Virgins pure shall sing an *Epithala-  
mum* for an Elegy ;

We two like to two meeting channels will  
turn one,

One individed and united Body.

*Cha.* Oh *Flavanda* I blushe to see thee ;  
I am a villain grown, yet I still dearly love  
thee ;

I am inconstant, Dearest, canst thou think it ?  
The ficklest fortune is more stedfast :

The wind oft-times is stable, but my heart  
Wavers at every object.

*Fla.* Have I a Rival then *Charastus* ?  
Is the stream of your Affection then divided,  
And your Love grown less ?

*Cha.* Not less *Flavanda* ; Streams parted  
with a stop.

*E*

*Run*

# Love in it's Extasie: or,

Run with a greater violence on ei her side,  
Than when they kept united in one channel.

*Fla.* I do confess my unworthiness ; I  
will resign

Unto thy f. either love, could I but think her  
worthy.

*Cha.* Never, oh never, never shall't thou  
do it.

For sooner sure the Gods can separate the  
o'bs

Than our so long united Hearts.

*Enter Constantina.*

Were the separation but in Natures power,  
here comes  
Those rayes that easily would make the dis-  
solution.

*Fla.* Thou hast made alworthy choyce

*Charafus.* I glory in my Rival more than Lovers in  
their Nuptials:

This Act confirms your love to me, and  
should I dye

I make no question but my lyfelesst funde  
Would pleasure in your happiness, no daw-

embrace

Could ye exchange, but I should be partakev  
No kis without a joyfull blush from my wan-

cheeks

Should joyn your tender lips together.

Delay not then your joyes for me.

My Love is old and stale ; He's fresher  
Than the mayden Rose whose purenes yet

No boysterous hand has touch't prophanev.

I'le imitate those friends that take more  
pleasure

For to see some feed, than if they fed them-

selves.

*Con.* I'le starve before I letaste such cates,  
They will infect me with inconstancy.

They're like devouring flames, they still

turn

All they meet with to their own nature :

But I will fly them worse than sting of Scorpions,

Or that deadly root, that pallateth the eye

But poysons still the pallate.

*Fla.* Shun not approaching happiness for

my sake ;

I am grown old in his affection, and Age

You know must dye, yet when I am dead

Be not I prithee jealous of my Ghost.

*Con.* If death can end this controversie, 'tis  
fittest

I should yield, when I am dead

I happily may love him, but never living.

*Cha.* Contend not so my hearts two pa-

rrallels

For what's anothers due; Death my desert is,

Here I live, like to a needle 'twixt two Load-

stones,

Payting a trembling reverence to both,

No full Allegiance unto either.

Oh ye individed moities of my soul,

Tear not my heart with your attractive vir-

tures

Thus by piece-meals, divide it gently,

Ye both are victors of my better part al-

lone ready,

My body is not worth your quarrel.

*Con.* Nor your heart; we might as well

Quarrell for fortune, she's as constant.

*Fla.* But not so lovely.

*Con.* Constancy the only beauty is in

eyes

That true affection governs, which till

*Charafus*

Gets again, I shall abhor to see him.

*Exit.*

*Fla.* Would I could do so too; But envi-

ous Fate

Fwharts my desires, and condemns my hate.

*Exit.*

*Cha.* Do I yet live ? remain my senses

perfect ?

Oh I could rave, tear out my traiterous eyes,

Disfect my heart, and rend affection from af-

fection.

Surely I am mad, because I am not mad :

Mad men enjoy their happiness, but we

In having reason know our misery.

*Exit.*

*Act. 4. Sc. 2.*

*Enter Constantina.*

*Con.* Where is that boasted constancy  
which so oft

Men use to glory in ? where is that Faith,

And that eternall Loyalty, which once ex-

altered men

'bove Demi-Gods ? Is there not one left vir-

tuous ?

*We*

We might have been inconstant by Authority,  
Custome wou'd have allow'd; it but men,  
Whose pu'er souls should harbor most divi-  
nity, Are now becom- less constant far than we  
That clame no being but from them.  
Why should we suffer then for what's ano-  
thers fault?

My act shall work a reformation in the  
world, And man, not woman, shall hereafter be  
The Proverb to express Inconstancy.

Enter Fidelio.

**Fid.** Kneel you to me Lady.  
**Con.** Wonder not **Fidelio** why thus low  
An unknown Virgin off'rs her obedience;  
It is a reverence that we ought to pay  
When we behold such virtue, and should I  
Be so uncivilly modest to deny an adoration  
When duty and affection bind me,  
The world might justly stile me irreligious.

**Fid.** That modestie I must confess is in-  
civillitie, That smothers an affection; But what worth  
in me, Can stir affection in your chaster breast. I  
know not,  
And I must needs Lady either be a fool  
In extolling of my self, or uncivill in con-  
demning your Judgment.

**Con.** I look not on you sir with superstiti-  
ous eyes, I cannot make an Idol of perfection,  
It is your souls *Idea* I admire.  
Whose excellency I have studied long,  
Taught by your *Constantina*'s prayses.

**Fid.** You have chose a most unprofitable  
Subject, For your study Lady, it is so sparing of re-  
ward.

That it forgets itself, and must for ever,  
- you.

**Con.** It is a study like the Chimick,  
The end I must confess is hard to gaine; but  
yet

It shews most sweet conclusions to the indu-  
strios. Many there are that study it with delight,  
But none with such a fearfull fervency as I;

Yet though I tremble, I dispair not, since she  
That only had the power to obtain it,  
Has resign'd it to me for a Legacie, which  
may

Justly chalenge, and you may not with-  
out impety deny.

**Fid.** A Legacie? If she be dead that was  
Sole Mistres of the Art, the Art must dy  
too.

**Con.** Mistake me not, she is not dead sir,  
She has usurpt another studie only, call'd  
Obedience to a Husband, for *Constantina*  
your once betrothed  
Is now married to the Duke of *Florence* my  
only Brother.

**Fid.** She is worse then, her constancie is  
not dead, And with it dies my love eternally.

**Con.** Oh say not so; that was my Legacy  
given to me  
By her departing *Constancy*, and if the Law  
fulfill  
The wills of wicked men, 'tis fit that sacred  
*Constancie's* should be obeid. She told me here you liv'd  
In *Lelys* a disguised Shepherd for her  
sake,  
Which made me take this journey and this  
habit,  
And surely had you not a fresher Love,  
You ne're could disobey your *Constantina*'s  
will,

Especially to one so like her.

**Fid.** I must confess thou art so like her,  
That I should believe what thou hast said is  
true,

Were I not so confident of her Loyalty.

**Con.** Shall I not be believ'd then?  
Let her hand perswade you, since my tongue  
cannot.

She gives him a Letter.

**Fid.** This is her seal and character, I  
do know 'em well; so hie you to her  
The direction, to her wrong'd *Fidelio*.  
I begin to tremble, my gelid blood  
Flies fast unto my heart, and calls for venge-  
ance.

*He reads.*

**Con.** Read and repent false man.

**Fid.** Oh heavens! Why of those nume-  
rous torments will a wretched man

hat attend our sinfull actions, chose you a woman  
o torment me? If that my crime so hainous was,  
hat all your malice joyn'd with fortunes  
Could not invent a punishment to equall it,  
ell surely might have furnish'd you,  
ou needed not have call'd a woman to your  
council,  
their malice is above Hels hate,  
ut I'le be reveng'd on all their Sex,  
or none I am sure is constant since she is  
false.

*Con.* Be not so confident of our weakness:  
he loving Turtle shall not serve her mate  
Vith half that faithfulness as I will you.

*Fid.* Hence Ethiopian Devill; Thou art  
too like her  
o be good: I'de rather meet a *Succubus*,  
brace a footy Moore, or dally with a  
Negro's horrid curles.

They may by chance prove constant, but  
thou

Vilt prefently deny thou lov'st me.

*Con.* Let me dye eternally, if ever I deny  
I love you.

*Fid.* Then follow me to *Bermudo*, thou  
shalt be the first  
le sacrifice to my just anger. Oh men accurst!

*Exeunt.*

Act. 4. Sce. 3.

*Enter Virtusus.*

*Vir.* Oh thou restrainer of our wilder  
actions,  
Thou that keepst in awe all raging superflu-  
ties,  
Teaching sobriety to the grossest Epicures,  
Could'nt thou restrain our wandring imagi-  
nations too  
Thou wert a Paradice, but they in the ob-  
scurest places  
Wander most, and in the darkest Caves,  
where light  
Nere yet vouchsafte an entrance, oft will see  
A perfect splendor and a full effusion of im-  
materiall Beams  
Descending down from an impeniturable po-  
tern.

Thoughts are the Devils chiefest Instru-  
ments.  
The holiest Frier in his seclusest Cell  
Ost fins in imagination; The purest Vestall  
At the Altar will oft-times fancy a thing un-  
lawfull;  
And should that be the utter ruine of Vir-  
ginity,  
Where should we seek it Heavens?

*Enter Bermudo and Thesbia.*

*Thes.* See yonder he is, Great Sir.

*Ber.* Thou art a courteous Jayler; He  
fares

More like a Prince than Prisoner.

*Thes.* I love not Sir to triumph over Mi-  
sery.

*Exit.*

*Ber.* Shepherd, thou hast thy liberty:  
The importunate intreaties of *Anthrogonus*  
have commanded it.

See now thou goest, and with submissive  
knees

Be thankfull to his bounty; It is  
But a poor gratuity for freedom.

*Vir.* I scorn that freedome that is given  
Not for desert, but out of curtesie.  
Flattery a thraldom is beyond a Prison,  
And I abhor it worse; I'le not thank him  
Nor Heavens for what's my due fir.

*Ber.* Why stubborn fool? What mer-  
lies in thee

Whose just power may chalenge but a favor  
from him?

It was not thy desert that rais'd this pity,  
But his Charity.

*Vir.* His duty rather: true goodness  
Whensoere he sees opprest Innocence  
Is bound in duty to relieve it.

*Ber.* Is Innocence the ground of your pre-  
sumption?

Shepherd beware lest thy contempt  
Kindle a flame that will consume thee.  
Thou hast stir'd the embers, without pre-  
vention  
'Twill be dangerous.

*Enter Thesbia.*

*Thes.* Oh smother it a while, Great Sir;  
Let it not spend

As yet its violence: He will accept your  
curtesie.

# The large Prerogative.

I know he will ; It was not He, it was  
His modesty that refus'd it ; See how he  
blushes Sir.

Gentle Shepherd, dye not ingratefull to our  
bounty ;

That crime will blot your former innocence,  
And make it seem as loathsome as impiety.  
If against me you do conceive this Hate,  
Go but with me, and I'le tell you sir  
She is not dead, *Thesbia* is not dead,  
And reconcile us two in a perpetuall league  
of friendship.

*Vir.* For once I'le try your cunning.

*Ber.* Shepherd choose which you wil have,  
A perfect freedom, or a sudden grave.

*Vir.* I shall have both in either.

*Exeunt Virtusus and Thesbia.*

*Ber.* Hast thou *Bermudo* with ambitious  
wings  
Soar'd 'bove the reach of common thoughts?  
Have I obtain'd that happiness which  
proudest envie  
Scarce can prys into ? And must I stoop  
Unto a boyes soft Lure ? Surely some holy  
power  
Conceals it self within that pleasant habita-  
tion,  
Whose awfull noyse freezes my raging ap-  
petite,  
And turns my fury into Charity.

*Enter Fidelio.*

*Fid.* The hardned Earth made stiffe with  
winters frost  
Views not the Sun with such a full alacrity,  
As I your Highnes.

*Ber.* A lustfull couple joyn'd in loose em-  
braces

Hate not the approaching Morn with such  
an enmity,  
As I your flattery.

*Fid.* Believe me Sir I cannot flatter you.  
My simple honesty leaves that study unto  
them  
That seek preferment by it : I never hop't  
To raise my fortunes by my handsome lying.  
The zeal I bear your lawes has arm'd my  
confidence,  
And I do wish I had a thousand unchast  
Damzels

To present you for a sacrifice.

*Ber.* And I do wish if this be true,  
I had ten thousand favors to requite thee  
with.

*Fid.* My duty Sir, and not those hopes of  
recompence  
Has bred this hate, which death shall not ex-  
tinguish,  
But my angry Ghost shall hate 'um in *Eli-  
zium*.

The very name of woman is grown odious,  
And I abhor a Lovers sighs worse than the  
ayr

Breathed from infection.

*Ber.* Let me contain thee in my arms thou  
faithfull Champion ;

We two will grow together, and be one,  
One terror to that foolish passion.

*Fid.* I have not earn'd such favor yet.  
I would not willingly receive my hire  
Before I have deserv'd it : Let your Re-  
venge

Eat of my labors first ; I can present you  
With a taste, a woman , that dares outface  
Impudence it self, who in despight of all  
your Laws,  
And that, which lately I did count  
An ornament of woman, blest mo eslie,  
Is turn'd a shameles wooer.

*Ber.* If this be true, I'le wear thee here  
My better Genius ; Long have I sought out  
such a one.

To make their sex more odious to my eyes,  
But nere till now could find one.  
Conscience that food of fools and bane of  
Greatnes

Has abus'd me still, making my subjects  
To conceal those crimes , which had they  
but reveal'd,

My exercis'd severity ere this  
Had bred a Hate, more deadly to their Sex,  
Than raging Dog-dayes, and Platonnick  
men.

Thou art an honest subject, Shepherd, thou  
preferst

Thy Kings content before that Bug-bear  
Conscience,  
For which, ask any thing, 'tis thine,  
Ask Monopolies, I'le feal 'um all,yet do not,  
They are the rewards of flattery, and can-  
not



# The large Prerogative.

*Fid.* Alas there is not one left virtuous,  
but are all  
As false and as disloyall as thy sister.

*Vir.* I hope you don't suspect her sir.

*Fid.* Yes, and your Mother too.  
One man could not beget two contraries :  
Thou art too good to be her Brother, and  
she

Too bad to be *Brabant's* daughter.

*Vir.* My ears have suckt in poysen, which  
works

Like *Stybtum* in my brains. If this be true  
(Which yet I cannot credit) nor pietie nor  
sisters cries

Shall hold my hand, but I will sacrifice her  
blood

For an atonement to thy anger.

*Fid.* Oh *Virtusus* 'tis too true : wouldst  
thou rip ope my heart,

There, there thou mightst behold  
Disloyall *Constantina* writ in bloody notes ;  
There too as in a perspective thou shouldst  
see

The Duke of *Florence's* lustfull eyes  
Fixt fast on *Constantina*, whilst the amorous  
Girl

Playes with his wanton hair, and in  
A thousand other wayes invites embraces.

*Vir.* Should Heavens in thunder speak it,  
I durst to contradict 'um.

*Fid.* 'Twill be a less impiety to contradict  
this paper.

*He gives him a Letter.*

*Vir.* It is her seal and Character :  
I'le read no more ; would 'twere her body,  
Thus I'd rend it ; Thus would I tear her  
unchaste limbs,

And blow 'em like to Atomes in the ayr ;  
Thus in contempt I'd spurn her lustful face,  
Bowl with her rouling eyes, and twist her  
hayr

In ropes for executions. Did I but know  
What vein her blood inhabits,  
I'de make a fluce and draw that channel dry  
Though I lay drowned in its gore.  
But I am too passionate ; who fury can allay,  
Vengeance may sooner, and securelier pay.

*Enter Charastus.*

*Fid.* Oh *Charastus*, never till now unwel-  
come to *Fidelio*.

Thou art too happy now for my companion.  
I have dissolv'd thy Loves ambiguous Rid-  
dle,

And given thy soul a free election,  
By making a necessity of thy choyce.

*Cha.* False and disloyal man, dar'st thou  
yet live

And glory in thy wickedness ? Hast thou a  
Conscience  
Not to kill thy self when such a stain com-  
mands thee ?

Oh thou prophaner of all Justice  
Ought he to live that cannot look upon per-  
fection

But with envious eyes ?

*Fid.* My care has not deserv'd these words  
*Charastus.*

*Cha.* Call not that care *Fidelio* which thy  
spleen

Too long has nourish'd, 'tis an inveterate  
Hate

Sent from the souler mansion of thy soul  
To blast perfection : Is that Physitian care-  
full

That instead of Physick gives deadly poysen  
To his patient?

*Fid.* No dire mistake was author of my  
charity,

But a Revenge which all their Sex must  
tremble under,

And 'twas my fortune to practise first on her,  
And her honor to precede whole thousands.

*Cha.* Thou art the worst of Mounte-  
banks, they kill

Their poorest Patients for experiments,  
But thou destroyst Patience it self, the rich-  
est Gem

That ever Art envied dame Nature for.

*Fid.* It is the nature of Revenge to punish  
first

Those things from whence they took their  
poysen.

*Cha.* Poyson from her ?

Herein thou shew'st thy venomous disposi-  
tion :

Spiders suck poysen from the sweetest flow-  
ers

When Bees draw Honey. Her words  
Though arm'd to my destruction seem'd to  
me

Adorn'd with more variety of sweetnes

Than

Than ere enrich'd our *Hybla*, more pleasant  
Than the jucie grape stole from the Vine  
Just at the entrance of maturity ;  
And can they then, can these delicious words  
Distill'd to the invitation of a happiness be a  
poison?

Tis thy bad Nature only that converts to  
naught

What ere the Gods thought, good.

*Vir.* Doat not *Charastus* so on one, whose  
scorn

Makes her condition poorer than her birth,  
Which surely is ignoble. The Kingly Eagle  
Stoops not unto flies.

*Cha.* But yet a Flye mounted on Eagles  
wings

Deserves more commendations than your  
painted Peacocks

That boast but in the gros absurdity of Na-  
ture.

*Vir.* If for to reach a glove dropt from  
A neighbouring Queen, be to degenerate  
From Majestie?

What will the world report when they shall  
hear

*Charastus* stoopt to the meaness of a Shep-  
herdes?

*Cha.* Art thou disloyall too *Virtusus*? two  
such more

Wou'd learn the Heavens impiety. Adue  
false friends,

Know my revenge shall be  
Fully as ample as your Tyranny. *Exit.*

*Fid.* I dare, vie vengeance with thee at  
the highest.

My heart's as great with rage, and less con-  
fin'd

Within the bounds of charity, tis free,  
Freer than Ayr, it soars aloft, hovering

Like some prodigious Meteor ore all women.  
All shall groan under its heavie weight, all

must sink

Or all my ends will perish.

*Vir.* Not all *Fidelio*, be not so severe :  
Our of

Those numberless thousands that do clog the  
Earth

One may be found unspotted : thy Sisters  
Virtue

Is of sufficient value to redeem a destin'd  
Hecatombē

Of unchaste women, though doom'd by Ty-  
ranny it self.

*Fid.* I do suspect her too ; she is too much  
A woman to be good : Women are all  
The fruits of drunkenness, begot when men  
Like senseless beasts wallow in strange de-  
sires ;

Then coveting to frame a Monster like  
themselves

Nature complying with their avarice, sends  
them

A daughter : How can that Sex then be di-  
vine

That's thus engendred betwixt Lust and  
Wine.

*Vir.* Be more charitable *Fidelio* in your  
opinion :

Blame not all for one.

*Fid.* Charity is cold :  
'Twill breed a contrariety in my raging  
breast.

Give me hot fuell: I would be all on flame.  
Feed me with Bridegrooms thoughts, and  
let me drink

The fervent sighes breath'd from the truest  
penitence ;

Bathe me in Lovers tears, drie me with  
The fiery palme of some notorious Red-  
haired Strumpet :

I would be a living element of fire  
To cross the new Philosophers opinion.

Yet from this flame I would send one spark  
But to the ruine of a woman,  
For now I finde the Proverb's verified  
He that begets a daughter surely went drunk  
to bed.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 4. Sc. 4.*

*Enter Speiazus and Constantina.*

*Spe.* Daughter this forwardnes of yours to  
dye,

Makes me believe you are innocent, and  
now I am

Grown confident that what you said is true,  
Although at first I must confess it startled in-  
credulity.

*Con.* As grave Sir I am not bound with an  
untruth

To wrong myself : so I do scorn  
To mitigate my crime with coin'd excuses.

I must confess I am guilty of that sin  
Which now they tax me with : If it be a sin  
Chastly to love, I am most wicked, if not,  
I call the Gods to witness I am innocent,  
For no loose desire has ever yet prophan'd  
me.

Spe. Thou art the purest Virgin living  
then,

Purer than those that think all Love  
An argument of looseness : Who nere knew  
Wine

Cannot be thought abstemius , 'tis the for-  
bearing taster

That is temperate. She that is chaste and ne-  
ver lov'd

Does only good compel'd by ignorance ;

But she that loves and can be chaste

Enjoys that virtue in its full perfection.

Such an one, divinest Maid, art thou,

Whom but to ransome from the Tyrants

Law,

I'd stretch my feeble limbes with vigour on  
the Altar,

And with a zeal undaunted meet the flames :

So with them should my soul aspire

Beyond the reach of gross mortality.

Con. And do you envie me that happiness ?

Is not my soul as free as yours to expiate

Its own transgressions ; The Gods I am sure

Desire a Sacrifice though spotted, if offer'd

By the repentant sinner , more than whole

Hecatombs

Bestow'd by Innocence.

Spe. Thou pleadst divinely gainst thy self:  
thy only fault

Is too much goodness , which left the Hea-  
vens

Should not know how to pardon, by want-  
ing of a president,

I'le furnish thee with shourees of tears

To make a flood wherein thy soul may float

In peace unto security.

Con. Reserve them for some other sub-  
ject ;

I make no question but to dye for him

Will be both penance and a pardon. Could  
my heart

Be but so kindly stubborn to resist my  
thoughts oppreßions,

And not break till I endure this martyrdom,

I should receive the joyfull Crown of im-  
mortality.

Spe. Let not the thought of that, divinest,  
trouble thee ;  
Here 's a juice distilled from *Nepenthe*,  
Drink it,  
And the remembrance of thy former misfe-  
ries  
Will flye thy imagination.

He gives her a Viall.

Con. Alas I dare not take it : my life  
Is of so short a moment, that I shall nere re-  
quite you,

And I would not willingly dye ingratefull.

Spe. I owe both this and far more to thy  
virtue.

Farewell thou mirror of all goodness ;  
Take these my tears, my prayers, my sighes,  
Companions of thy journey, and when thou  
art amidst

Those sacred flames, they'll help to waft thee  
to eternity.

Exit.

Con. Right heavenly Sir adue.

Spe. Where were thy eyes *Fidelio* ?  
This will be news

Will make thy affrighted blood start from  
thy veins,

And turn thee more pale than she consum'd  
to Ashes.

Exit.

Act. 4. Sce. 5.

Enter Bermuds.

Ber. Now sayles our wishes with a sted-  
dy course,

The tottering bark poiz'd by a seconds help  
Floats safely on the Maine. But yet be not

Too credulous fond man, the ballance is un-  
certain,

And should that fail the shipwrack would be  
deadly.

Trust not too much unto a friend ; Oppor-  
tunity

Base mischiefs Bawd to them is too obse-  
quious.

*Bruus* could pierce great *Cæsars* side  
When *Pompey* could not ; Mistrust then all

*Bermudo*,  
Be intimate with none : 'Tis State policy.

F

A

A Snake though foster'd in a Kings own bosom  
Will grow at length as mischievous as uncontrollable,  
And pierce that breast that nourish'd it.

## Enter Chareustus.

Cha. Ye silent Ministers of Night  
Send your Cimmerian darkness ore the world,  
Choak up the Sun with fogs and misty vapours,  
Let it be night eternall, or let my eyes  
Drop from their hollow caverns, that I may never see again  
So gross impiety.

Ber. What fury does transport thee?

Cha. In what foul part lies my accursed memory?  
I'll tear it out, and be a lump of dead forgetfulness.

Entombe ye just Heavens within oblivious Cave,  
I would forget my self, my all, so with them I might forget that wickedness

Which these my eyes were witnessesse off.

Ber. What art thou frantick fellow?

Cha. Pardon dread Sovereign if my rage  
Has slack't my due obedience. Fury so blinded me

I could not see those rayes which from your Majestie

Shoot in a continued lustre.  
Oh Modesty where's now thy ruddy wings?  
Where is that bashfull trembling which so oft

I have seen adorning Country Mansions?  
Why liv'st thou now an exile in the woods  
Banisht from Court and City?

Ber. The man is mad.

Cha. I would I were great King so this were false:

Oh Sir, your Court is spotted with such Lust  
As can command a blush for ever in my cheek to think on.

Ber. Ha! my Court?

Cha. Yes, your Court, that Holy Temple  
Where Justice and Religion hand in hand  
Walks in a happy unitie, is now become  
The sink of foul impierie.

Ber. My Court become a brothell house  
of Lust?

Cha. These two unhappy eyes saw two Melting in close embraces, Kissing each other with such fervencie

As if their lips desir'd to be united and become

An individuall happiness; Alas my chaster tongue

Cannot exprest those amorous tricks  
Which their hot appetites belcht out  
To teach old Lust a new lasciousness.

Ber. Swell higher yet my rage;  
Thou art at too low an ebb to punish such impietie,

Swell till your channels crack;  
Let a generall inundation break the banks  
And turn to ruine all it meets with.  
Their two deaths cannot alone dissolve  
This mass of wickedness: Thousands must dye

To expiate this crime, if it be true.

Cha. 'Tis too true great Sir; your eyes  
Shall be witness of it, if you'll be pleas'd to follow.

Ber. Lead on.

Exeunt.

## Act. 4. Sc. 6.

## Enter Constantina and Thesbia.

Con. The holy absolution of the Priest  
Sings not so glad a Requiem to my departing soul

As this thy comfortable presence; Do not, Oh do not then obscure thy self with ill be-seeming tears,

I shall suspect thou think'st me still unchaste,  
And spend'st these tears to purifie my spotted Conscience.

Thes. When friends do part but for a week or so,

Their weeping eyes the emblems of their troubled hearts

Will let fall tears, and shall we That now must part eternally  
Denie our souls that charitable sacrifice?

Thou a long journey Constantina now must take,

Who knows whither I shall see thee more?

Con. Alas poor soul, weep not for my felicity.

It is a glorious place that I shall go too.

There

# The large Prerogative.

There in a golden firmament enameld with  
bright stars,  
Amidst a thousand Virgins I shall hear  
Eternall harmony, still sounding, and still  
pleasant,

There fragrant smells shall never cloy  
My fainting appetite though still presented  
odoriferous.

And canst thou weep because thy friend  
Must go to such a Paradise?

*Thes.*: I weep not dearest because thou  
goest,

But that I stay behind; Could I accompany  
thee,

No Vestall Virgins at the Altar should appear  
With such a joyfull countenance: But since  
I here must live

A walking Ghost pent in an earthy sepul-  
chre,

It would be impudence to refrain from tears;  
Weep on then *Thesbia*, let thy eyes  
Flow with a continued moysture, to drain  
these fens

Will puzzle all projecting undertakers.

*Con.* My weakness can resist no longer.  
These tears proclaim thy triumph;  
We two like two *Niobes* will shed tears  
Till we become one Fountain.

Enter above *Charafus* and *Bermudo*.

*Cha.* See great Sir how close they are?  
Oh do you start Sir?

*Ber.* Ha! *Anthrogonus*, I would my eyes  
were lightning  
For to blast thy spotted soul, yet leave thee  
still as fair.

*Cha.* With what affection they embrace?  
See how their wanton heads wearied with  
kissing

Hang like two drooping Lillies on each  
others shoulder,  
Their very eyes to sympathize with them  
Melt into tears.

*Ber.* My rage involves a thunderbolt, this  
poor thin cloud  
Cannot contain it long; 'twill out to all our  
ruines.

Oh *Anthrogonus* little canst thou think  
What raging sorrows boyle within my  
breast  
At this sad spectacle; The sight of such im-  
piety

Feeds on my heart worse than *Gantbar idet*,  
Or the deadly sting of a foul Conscience.  
My eyes shall be no more your Pander,  
Take heed fond fools, *Bermudo* comes  
Arm'd to destruction:

Exit.

*Cha.* Thus climbs Revenge: thus her  
aspiring head

One step has mounted, ere to the top it  
comes

Your hearts false men shall feel its rigor.  
Sleep on fond Boy, thou hast a soft but fa-  
tall pillow,

Had not *Bermudo* lov'd thee, nor thou sav'd  
their lives,

Thou mightst have liv'd, but now  
To punish thee thou diest.

Thus by degrees Revenge must rise  
Who straight brings death knows not to ty-  
rannize.

Exit.

*Bermudo* within breaks ope the doers  
upon them.

*Con.* Alas we are betray'd.

*Thes.* I care not I since Innocence is my  
guard.

Enter *Bermudo* and *Guard*.

*Ber.* Seize on that lustfull couple.

*Thes.* Why this violence? ye needed not  
have come

Thus armed to betray our innocence:  
That weak resistance we could make  
One word might have subdue, but if you  
think

To fright us with your strength, know we  
have

A guard about us shall confront your hopes.

*Ber.*: Guilt's a sufficient terror to it self,  
It needeth no addition; but Justice as it  
strikes

So must it speak, like thunder.

*Con.* Should it strike here, it would be  
truly so;

The holiest Temples oft are struck with  
thunder.

Should you but take his Nature and destroy  
So pure an edifice as his, it were no Justice  
But prophane severity.

*Thes.* Plead not for me: I dare his utmost  
rigour,

In that he will be constant, and constancy I  
love

Be it in cruelty.

*Ber.* My cruelty will but waver when it  
flowes on thee.

Oh that such tender years can be so old in  
wickedness.

Hadst thou a soul *Anthrogonus* as pure  
As its inclosure thou mightst have been  
Entkron'd a Deity for mortals to have won-  
der'd at.

Wouldst thou yet live? There is a strange  
Conflict fought within me, by Piety and Af-  
fection.

*Thes.* Let not Affection pull a curse upon  
you.

It is not in the power of your Majesty  
To spare my life and take hers, unless you  
will be

More impious in breaking of your Lawes,  
Than you were pious in the making them.

*Ber.* 'T is true *Anthrogonus*, thou canst not live  
Without I violate Religion; Thy body  
must

Within an odoriferous cloud ascend the  
Skies

To crave a pardon for thy soul.

*Con.* The Gods require no humane sacri-  
fice.

Mercy if offer'd in a free oblation, is the on-  
ly incence

They delight in. I am enough to satisfie the  
Law,

Make not Religion fir too great a Butchery,  
Your pity and his repentant tears

Will be a sacrifice more sweet,  
Than all the Cookery of humane entrails.

*Ber.* Witness ye Gods with what unwil-  
ling hands

I offer up this sacrifice; But Laws must be  
obey'd

VVhen piety commands, though to the ma-  
kers ruine.

Kings that make Laws to entrap others, may  
With their own plots by chance themselves  
betray.

*Exeunt.*

Ask of my heart, for that would never be  
At quiet till I had seen thee,  
But rowling still in my disturbed breast  
Prompted my soul to dye not stain'd with  
such forgetfulness.

*Fla.* Thy immaculate mind tells me thy  
soul is pure,

I should suspect the heavens before its  
whitenes:

The alabaster Mines helpt by the Suns re-  
flection

Cannot shew a piece so candid. (one,

*Con.* I cannot boast its colour, 'tis a foul  
And ere I dye, it will be one continued

spot  
More ugly than deformity it self: There is  
A crime that I must perpetrate, or else my  
Ghost

Cannot rest quiet in its urne.

*Fla.* There is no crime so horrid, but thy  
former goodness

Has made a virtue: One drop of poysen  
Pour'd into the Ocean, polluteth not the  
water,

But clears it self and adds unto the stream.

*Con.* Ingratitude is a sea of venome,  
Which my malicious soul has entertain'd,  
And must discharge her poysen upon thee;  
Thou that hast been the partner of my sor-  
rows.

Must now become the subject of my malice.

*Fla.* Thou canst not find a fitter subject,  
I dare

Encounter with the deadliest poysen thou  
canst give

And think it a preservative.

*Con.* Mine is the worst of venomes;  
If thou but tak'st it, 'tis not thy body only  
That must perish, but thy soul too.

To what sure destruction do I run on either  
side?

If I refuse to sue unto thee, I am ingratefull,  
And if I do, the same stain brands me still.  
Canst thou be inconstant? wonder not *Fla-*  
*vanda*

Why I ask so rude a question,  
For by thy inconstancy, I must be proved  
constant,

Thy weakness must be my triumph,  
And thy disloyalty my eternall glory.  
To ask thee now whether thou couldst leave

*Charafus* Were

*Actus quintus. Scena Prima.*

Enter *Constantina* and *Flavanda*.

*Con.* If thou wilt know a reason why I sent  
for thee,

The large Prerogative.

Were a Tautology as absurd as to name,

*Flavanda*

And most excellent, I know thou dost

Already understand me.

*Fla.* Yet I am ignorant for whom thou  
pleadst.

*Con.* I plead for one that loves thee with  
an ardour

More fervent than *Charastus*, one that will  
not waver

When he sees whole Chataracks of beauty,  
much less

At the small suspition of a feature. *Fidelio*  
Is the man ; which ought you to respect then  
most

Him that left me for you, or you for me ?

*Fla.* Be not mistaken *Constantina*,  
That love that he profess'd to me was only  
feign'd :

*Charastus* sent him but to trie me.

*Con.* I prithee say not so ; thou wilt undo  
A Virgin with a truth ; if he be constant,  
How impious then was my suspition.

*Fla.* When you were gon, he told his  
treachery,  
And with what plots he sought for to betray  
me.

*Con.* No more.

Thou hast returnd my poysen to the full ;  
The false suspition of his Loyalty heaps sin  
on sin.

My soul's one leprosie so foul,  
That surely the flames in which I must be sa-  
crific'd

Will 'gainst their Nature downwards tend,  
And hurry me to Hell. Oh *Fidelio*, never  
before

I wifht thee false : thy constancy will be my  
ruine.

Enter *Fidelio*.

*Fid.* Oh *Constantina* here shall my knee  
take root,

Untill thy voice denounce my sentence :  
This penitence

Entreats no pardon, 'tis Justice rather Rigour  
I desire.

*Con.* Let this suffice  
To shew my duty and my penitence : could  
I fall lower

My ambition to out-go thee in humility  
Should force me down.

*Fid.* Kneel'st thou to me ? the earth shall  
not resist me,

But my obedient soul shall pres me down,  
Till nature bids me stay, lest I should  
Violate her Lawes by falling upwards.

*Con.* I thou canst not kneel *Fidelio* and I  
stand,

When the Sun is down, the exhalations fall :  
Arise, and I will personate those vapours.

*Fid.* Thy sentence must dissolve my fro-  
zen joyns

Or I shall fall again : Canst thou forgive me ?

*Con.* Canst thou forgive me ?

*Fid.* No, I cannot ; it lies not in heavens  
power

To forgive where none is guilty : A pardon  
Does belong unto a Conscience stain'd with  
wickedness,

But thou art innocent, so innocent

That the purest Chrystall will confess some  
spots

To see thy whiteness.

*Con.* To make me clear, prove not your  
self disloyall.

Or you inconstant are, or I more stain'd  
Than misbelieving Atheists with my incre-  
dulity.

*Fid.* Thou art become more glorious by  
thy incredulity :

Thou couldst suspect, and yet be virtuous.

Thou thoughtst me false, yet lov'd me still,  
When I upon a supposition sought Revenge,  
And most unluckily obtain'd it.

*Con.* Yet I was Author of thy crime :  
My foul suspition was thy sins sad president.

*Fid.* Thou mak'st my sin appear more  
horrid :

Thy suspition was but the confirmation of  
thy constancy,

And were that a President to me  
How wicked then were I for to be vicious  
Because thou wert virtuous.

*Con.* I cannot conquer you with argu-  
ments, yet

In civility you must yield: contend not with  
a woman ;

That victory will be no glory surely ;  
You must not sir deny me that : See,  
My soul pours out it self in a petition.

*Fid.* Weep'st thou *Constantina* : I'll  
plough the earth,

And sow those precious seeds, wee'll have  
A crop of Pearl, more glorious than the Ori-  
entall:

Venus shall have a neck-lace of these Gems,  
Dianas Virgin Zone these beads shall beau-  
tify,

The other Deities shall labour in our Har-  
vest,

And think one seed a pay too prodigall.

Weep Sweet no more, thou hast shed enough  
To purchase immortality, I prithee weep no  
more

Lest I be forc't to sow my Tares

Among that heavenly grain.

*Fid.* How well those drops become them?  
the pleasing dew

Adds not a greater lustre to the Rose.

With what a sweet variety they flow?

How pritily they sport in method?

### One Knocks.

Alas! one knocks *Fidelio*.

*Fid.* I will not wake to hear him. Tell  
him

I say I will not: in this sweet slumber  
I'd not disturb the Heavens with a petition;  
Or should they call, I would refuse to hear  
them.

### Enter Arontas.

*Aron.* Most noble Shepherd, the King  
expects you in the Temple,  
For to see the sacrifice, and you fair Shep-  
herdels  
( I am sorry I must become so sad a messen-  
ger )

Mult presently prepare to suffer. *Exit.*  
*Fid.* Never did voyce jar hoarser in my  
ears,

Oh what a hellish sound it leaves!

Hells three-mouth'd Porter joyn'd to *Syyl-  
la's* quire

Cannot howl out so sad a Message.  
Prepare to suffer? What is that?

Comment on those sad words sweet Hea-  
vens,

Unfold that hideous mysterie: I dare not  
think

Upon the exposition 'tis so horrid.

Know'st thou what 'tis to suffer?

*Con.* Yes, 'tis to dye, and be immortall.

*Fid.* Death is the common rode to im-  
mortality; men

VVhose lives abhor'd all virtue but Repen-  
tance,

In abundant troops, flock by that common  
High-way,

And shall she whose Virgin soul no thought  
has blemish'd

Find no unknown path peculiar to such ex-  
cellence?

*Con.* To dye a spotless sacrifice is a glo-  
rious path

Nere trod on but by them whose Saint-like  
presence

Still addeth to its curiositie: The Altar is  
no funerall Pile,

That melts its suell into Ashes, but a refining  
fire,

As gentle as those flames from which

The purified Gold receives it lustre.

*Fid.* Oh do nor deceive thy self: How  
often do we see

The Sacrifices perish, and nere return  
More glorious by their sufferings.

*Con.* 'Tis true, that fire that cleanses but  
the Gold

Consumes the drosser Mettals: Had bea's,  
Our common sacrifices, but souls confirm'd  
divine

By Innocence and Reason, we might adore  
'um

On our Altars without the blot of supersti-  
tion:

*Fid.* If death must purchase immortality,  
Thou must not, shalt not be immortall:  
There is a debt due unto Nature for thy  
goodness.

Live here an everlasting mortall then and  
pay it.

The glory freely given unto desert  
Is greater than if purchas'd.

*Con.* But who can give it? 'Tis not in  
Natures power.

She frames goodness for the Heavens;  
There I must live, hem'd in with happiness:  
There no felicity will be wanting, but when  
These tears makes me remember thee.

*Fid.* Let not the thought of me thy mur-  
derer

Disturb thy happiness: I will revenge thy  
quarrell to the full.

Something must be done: Farewell thou  
heavenly Candldate;

Thou

*The large Prerogative.*

Thou hast a place selected mongst the Deities

Where thou must sit and teach the ignorant world

That constancy, which none but thou couldst ever boast of.

I shall betray a womanish passion in me  
Should I stay longer. Farewell thou new elected Deity.

*Exit.*

Con. My Tears so stop my speech, I cannot Bid Farewell.

*Enter Thesbia.*

Thes. What weeping Constantina? Can the fear of death

From out the circle of thy purest innocence Draw such a faintness.

Con. The senseless trees, Herbs, plants, and flowers

In dewy tears lament the Suns sad absence, and shall I

Deny that duty to *Fidelio* when a sad Ecclips Must hide him from me to eternity.

Tears are not Emblemes of a faint belieff, The hottest dayes melt often into showers.

Oh Thesbia! my heart will break, And cheat the Altar of its sacrifice.

Thes. Here, drink this *Nepenthe's* juice then,

'Twill ease thy heart, do not refuse it, the Priest

Just now bequeath'd it to me as an heavenly Cordiall.

Con. What had I forgot? See here's the same.

Oh 'twas a Holy man; He would fain have died

To save my life.

Thes. So would he to have sav'd mine: Trust me

He made me weep to see his silver tears Distill in such abundance from his eyes;

My dear, dear father could have don no more.

Con. Lets then on bended knees in adoration of his charity

Wish that the Heavens will never be ingratefull,

But still shewre down on his deserts a due felicity.

Thes. Upon our knees we wish it; And as this juice from our orecharged souls

Expels our miseries, so may his sorrows vanish.

*They drink.*

'Tis down. My congeled blood late frozen to my heart

Dissolves, and with a quick agility Leaps in my new-fil'd veins. My thoughts have pleasant fuel,

And every sense is ravish'd with an unknown happiness.

Con. I am strangely alter'd; I have forgot The principle end of my creation, to be miserable.

Come sit down, I have a great mind To imitate the dying Swans upon *Gaijsters* Banks,

And sing my funerall Elegie.

*She sings.*

Swell swell my thoughts, and let my Breast Receive with joy eternall Rest,

Swell higher yet, faint not to see The end of all thy misery.

Death's but a sleep, Then do not weep, But with desire Embrace the fire

So shall thy soul, so shall thy soul, aspire Unto a place where it shall see

Eternall Crowns of Majesty Attending on its pompous train Uncompel'd, without disdain:

Then let not fire, Make thee retire, Nor yet deny This obsequie.

Lest in dispair, lest in dispair thou die;

Then let not fire, Make thee retire, Nor yet deny This obsequie.

Lest in dispair, left in dispair — *she sleeps.*

*Fla.* Thus ceast the dying Nightingale, enamor'd sleep Delighted with thy Harmony stole the last accent

From our ears. Thesbia! what has her voyce Husht thee into a slumber too, and left me here

The sole resister of its power? Sleep on sweet souls,

And

And when ye wake, think it no pain  
If ye be forc't too soon to sleep again.

Exeunt.

Act. 5. Sce. 2.

An Altar discover'd : Loud Musick.

Enter Bermudo, Arontas, Spadarius, Halifus, Virtusus and Fidelio.

Ber. What means this silence Shepherd ?  
me thinks you look

As if you were at some most solemn funeral,  
Where the corps of an endeared friend is to  
be interr'd :

These visages become that place ; but when  
you go

To salute the heavenly Deities with your  
free oblations,

You must put on a far more pleasing counte-  
nance

That the Gods may pleasure in your offer-  
ings,

And delight in your burnt sacrifice.

Fid. My divining soul great King, foretels  
An universall ruine in this sacrifice,  
A generall numness prompts my heart unto  
a sad,

And deadly melancholy : Surely I have of-  
fended.

Ber. Yes in thy drooping zeal. Come, let  
not fear

Hinder that devotion, which thou beganst  
With such a noble resolution, to thy immor-  
tal glory.

Fid. I do conjure you Sir by that hate which  
Conceive gainst women ; By your Crown,  
by your Scepter,

By all the Gods I do conjure you  
To spare this humane sacrifice.

If you needs must offer to their Deities,  
Surfe their Altars with the richest gums,  
Fetch forth the Phœnix nest for an oblation,  
Or let the world lament the loss of all their  
cattle,

Prophane not thus their Altars with a wo-  
mans blood.

Ber. Thou haft won so much on me by thy  
former service,

That to deny thee now were a most vild in-  
gratitude

Did not the Gods require it : my vow to  
Heavens is past

And cannot be recall'd, to promise them  
The malefactors for an offering, and then  
Chear'um with a sheep or some such trifle,  
Is not to sacrifice but defraud.

Fid. The Gods nere feast on humane en-  
trails,

Their Nectar is not mortall's blood :  
Think you their stomacks have so base an ap-  
petite

To hunger after that which men do loath ?  
Repentance is their banquet, the steam of  
fervent fighes

Their food, and tears not blood's the potion  
they delight in :

Ber. Be not ingratefull Shepherd,  
Strive not, for my love, to make me impious :  
Justice and fidelity commands them for a  
sacrifice.

Fid. Sacrifices must be pure, not spotted ;  
The fairest beasts are destin'd to the Altar.

Ber. The sinner gets his pardon sooner  
By his own sufferings, than if h'ad suffer'd  
by a Proxece.

Fid. I did belye her Innocence, believe  
me Sir

She is innocent, as innocent as the new-be-  
gotten child.

Ber. To purge a sin, oft-times a Lamb  
must dye,

And so shall she, our zeal will be the greater.

Fid. Rather your impiety :  
Who offers up one Godhead to anothers ho-  
nor ?

Be not so irreligious to destroy that gem,  
Which I adore, as a resplendant Deity  
Sent from Heaven, to beautifie the earth.

Ber. Take heed ; Be not so fondly super-  
stitious.

Thus to contract a Deity to a Beast.

Fid. A Beast ! can Heavens heare this,  
And no thunderbolt tell the proud King he  
lyes ?

A beast ! wert thou arm'd with thunder,  
Or were it but to see thee ten thousand  
deaths,

Nor piety, nor Religion should withhold me,  
But I would tear tha venomous tongue out,  
And hang it like a lying Meteor in the Ayr.

Ber. He grows frantick : Alas poor man,  
He deserves my pity more than anger.

Fid. Where sleeps your Justice now ?

Rouze up your drousie headed Lawes  
To take revenge on him that dares their utmost.

*Solemn Musick.*

*Ber.* Whence this sad Musick ?

*Enter Speratus, Flavanda, and others bring-  
ing in Constantina and Thesbia, veild  
All in a solemn manner.*

*Fla.* Cease your petitions : it lies not in the power

Of your prayers, nor his mercy to recall 'um :  
Fate has deceiv'd the Altar Sir; The Lambs  
That should have been the sacrifice, are dead.

*Ber.* Dead !

*Fla.* Yes ; Your threats great King has prov'd

Their executioner : Imagination that unnatural flame  
Has not consum'd, but broke their tender  
Hearts.

Here you may see the ruines of those well-  
built Temples. *She unvails them.*

*Fid.* Ha ! Heavens vanish't unto Heaven ;  
Why did'st thou steal thy death divinest ?  
Why did thy flitting soul poast so away,  
And give no warning to thy friends ?  
Hands off ye dogs, do not deny the Gods their  
sacrifice.

*He snatches at a Sword, and the  
Guard hold him.*

Me thinks the Genius of the world doth  
stagger ;  
The affrighted Earth turns round, and sends  
forth

Foggy trees, in a continued lamentation for  
its los's :

The Heavens stand still to entertain her ex-  
cellence,

And all the Planets turn to Constellations  
With amazement : *Copernicus*, thy opinion  
Now is verified.

*Ber.* Most reverend father, though cruell  
destiny

Has abrig'd part of our triumph by their  
deaths

Yet to manifest our duty, in all ceremonious  
order

Let their corps be sacrific'd.

*Spe.* I dare not Sir pollute the Altars  
With a dead oblation : High Heavens will  
be displeased

With our offerings ; The very beasts abhor  
the dead.

Let but their bodies be inter'd, & then come  
And offer a few prayers, and without doubt  
The Deities will be appeas'd.

*Ber.* Your will shall rule us *Exeunt.*

*Manent Fidelio and Virtus with  
Constantina and Thesbia.*

*Fid.* Oh death, thou grand Commissioner  
of Fate,  
Seize these my vitall spirits, since she is gon  
Whose warmer breath so oft has nourish'd  
them.

What ! canst thou not hear now Death ?  
Art thou grown astonish't at thy late got  
prize ?

Assume her quickly heavens ; Death wil forger  
His office elle and let the populous world  
Surfeit with multiplicity.

*Vir.* Did ever traveller so faint to see  
The end of all his travells ? Has all my wea-  
ried steps

Tended to this Home, and tremble I to be-  
hold it ?

Where be those- pleasing smiles , those  
wheeling eyes,  
And that harmonious voyce, which once did  
call me, Brother ?

Are all gon ? Has death ravish't thy Virgin  
blushes too,

To adorn thy soul translated to some Deity ?

*Fid.* That new star which the Astrono-  
mers of late (ger,  
Observ'd in *Cassiopeia*, was but thy Harbin-  
Sent to prepare that roome to entertain thy  
excellence :

There thou must set, Queen Regent of the  
Constellation ;

Oh be my Zenith ever !

Lend me thy influence to direct my actions,  
And sooner shall the Adamant forget the  
North,

Than I thy sacrifice.

*Vir.* What Justice would not stagger  
To condemn such excellency ? what Tyger  
almost famish'd

Would not stand amaz'd, and rather starve,  
Than make a prey of such perfections ?

*Fid.* Why mad'st her Nature of such  
goodness,

And tookst no care for to preserve her ?  
Me thinks those lips, soft and as ruddy  
As the purest wax, invites impression.

*He kisses her.*

Heavens, be not jealous If I kiss her.  
They're warme : a crimson blush begins  
To beautifie her cheeks, and sayes I was im-  
modest :

Oh Heavens ! She stirs too ; Now for some  
glorious apparition.

*Con.* What new fire burns my polluted  
breast ?

Whence come these unknown flames ?  
Guard me some chaster power ; good provi-  
dence

Redeem this Temple from a prophanation.

*Fid.* Thou hast mistook thy way divinest ;  
Heaven

Lies not here ; That has a narrow path  
Nere trod on but by vertue ; Go, Knock  
At Repentance gate, one tear of thine  
VVill easilly compell an entrance : Thy  
goodnes surely

Is not ignorant, it is thy charity only  
To enrich the earth again with thy diviner  
presence

That has caus'd this wilfull error.

*Con.* If thou bee'st here, I'll seek no other  
path,

This is the only way my wishes aim at.

*Fid.* Keep off ; The beams of thy divinity  
Will consume me ; I begin to melt ;  
My knees more stubborn than the Elephants  
Bows down in adoration with thy lustre.

*Con.* I cannot tell what strange effects  
Sleep has procur'd upon my outward shape ;  
My thoughts are sure the same, they have

*Fidelio*

Still their subject, which makes me confident  
That I am not chang'd, but still am *Constan-*  
*tina.*

*Fid.* Thou art some Goddess rather, which  
To appear more glorious has assum'd her  
shape ;

Alas, the Heavens has stole her soul  
For an immortall Pyramide, and it would be  
Too great a prejudice to it, should it return  
From such celestiall happiness.

*Con.* I am transfor m'd in nothing but my  
tongue,

That once was powerfull to charme belief ;  
VVher's now its vain Authority ? *Thesbia*  
I prithee sweet awake, and tell thy incredu-  
lous Brother

That I live, yet straight must dye

Kild with his most misjudging charity.

*Vir.* 'Tis she ; oh *Thesbia* my dearest  
sweet, Awake

Awake, *Virtus* calls thee ; Depart not in a  
dream ;

Let not thy soul be ravish't with those joyes  
Which heaven presents thee with ; good sleep  
Be not so cruell to be eternall.

*Enter Speratus.*

*Spe.* Trifle not time *Fidelio* with these  
Ceremonies ;

Arise, 'twas only sleep caus'd by a potion  
That deceiv'd the King.

*Fid.* May I believe you ?

*Spe.* Believe your senses ; why so fearfull ?  
She's no Ghosf.

*Fid.* Liv'st thou *Constantina* ? thou art so  
I do suspect it.

*Thef.* What pleasing waves rocks my de-  
lighted soul ?

How is it tost within a gulf of happiness ? Ha ?

*Vir.* Let it float still, divinest, the ena-  
mor'd waves

Will be made happy by its presence.  
Nay, fly not *Thesbia* from the Haven :

Here are no trayterous sands, no sudden  
storms,

Nor unseen Rocks to ruine thee. All  
Is as free from danger as thy wishes.

Why casts thou Anchor ? Hop'st thou to be  
securer

In that miserable Ocean ? Oh *Thesbia*  
Thou wilt raise storms in that securer Port  
If thou deniest an entrance.

*Thef.* Surely you do mistake me Sir.  
*Thesbia* was a woman, and can you love her,  
And think her so immodest to turn man.

*Con.* Thou canst no longer *Thesbia* lye  
conceal'd,  
He knows All.

*Thef.* Ha'st thou betrayd me *Constantina* ?  
Oh let me sink under my shames sad burthen.

*Vir.* We'll sink together then ; thou and I  
Will be each others monument.

*Spe.* No more !  
I heare *Bermudo* coming : true Lovers care  
Will in possession oft-times breed dispair.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 5. Sce. 3.*

*Enter Bermudo.*

*Ber.* My Plots still fail, and all my shafts

*Shan*

# The large Prerogative.

Shot gainst resisting walls

Bring back a ruine to the sender that sacrifice

Wherewith I thought to expiate my crime  
Fate has converted to a murther so horrid,  
That I must sink, or get a pardon for devotion.

Oh how my groveling soul prest down with wickednes

Rowles like the imprison'd wind  
Pent in the hollow caverns of the Earth,  
Finding no vent to aspire, but still must lye  
Under the heavie weight of foul impiety.  
Repentance must redeem it from its thralldome, a Ransome

Which I dare not think on left envious Fates  
Should turn that too into a wickedness.

The greatest are not still the best I see,  
Kings are but crown'd to fall deckt with a pomposus infamy. *Agrone within.*

Ha ! what dismal noyse beats that alarm  
To my guilty conscience ? my affrighted blood retires,

And leaves my trembling arms  
Shaking like sapless branches at the Northern wind,

My feet the Basis of this tottering Pyramide  
Cleaves close unto the earth, whilst my erected hair

Stiffer then bristles of a Porcupise  
Stares in the face of Heaven : Oh I am thunderstruck.

*Enter Constantina and Thesbia severally.*

Ha ! the easie stomacht earth vomits their dead,

To tortors me ; Am I environ'd round with Ghosts ?

Conceal me ye good Heavens ;  
Spread an eternall darkness ore the world,  
That very sprights may wander still in ignorance :

VWrap my affrighted soul in a defence  
Not to be pierc'd with apprehensions eye ;  
Make me invisible or blind.

*Con.* Heavens cannot hide you from my just revenge

Without the forfeiture of goodness: Murder.  
Thar crying sin has like a power Spell  
Summon'd my scarce cold corps, not fully settled

In my latest urn, to appear again on earth,

And force an accusation of thy conscience.

*Ber.* Mount mount my soul, and with the swiftest winds (frighted Sun

Fly to some unkown Land, where the affrene yet durst enter, nor the amazed Heavens

Think on a place so horrid : where the corrupted ayr

Darts forth infection, & the ulciferous winds  
VVHiss plagues to the inhabitants more loathsome (hell houses ;

Than the stench breath from polluted char. Where death sursets his fatall arrow,  
And each funerall Knell yeld by a dying Mandrake

Proves still the dirge of an ensuing frailty.

Is there no Sanctuary for a guilty conscience ? Let me then sink, sink to the Center.

Release those captive Gyants Heavens, that now groan — (stains

Under the heavie weight of mighty Mount Hurle Pelion upon Ossa, and Olimpus upon Pelion, (down

And all their fetters upon me, to pres me Beyond the reach of Register : Let me not suffer

In their Annalls too, but let a sad mortality Of Remembrance ceaz all succeeding times, That I may fall forgotten. (Bermuda

*Thes.* Is this the way to expiate thy crime Are prophane wishes thy repentance ? take Heed (not

Do not precipitate thy inclining ruine ; Pull That hovering Justice on thy head, lest it fall No less than fatall. (forgive

*Ber.* Thou blest Idea of a form divine, My rash devotion ; entombe Revenge amongst those

Sacred Reliques, and let thy incensed ghost Sleep in its peacefull urne : oh be as mild as excellent : (sing horror,

Draw hence those looks, fill'd with such pleasure And each succeeding day shall add New Trophies to thy mercie.

*Thes.* Thinkst thou my patient Ghost can rest in quiet, (the ruines

Whil'st thy majestick cruelty tramples ore Of my lost honor ? Can I behold thy ambitious mind (ous envie

Swel'd higher with my sufferings, and no pitie Seek to abate thy triumph ? shall wronged innocence

*Love in its Extasie : or*

Unrevenged lie, whil'st charity proclaims it  
lawfull?

A crime unpunish'd is a virtue in the opinion  
Of the giddy multitude.

*Ber.* Let not misconstruing fools contract  
those beams

VVhich in a bountious manner use to flow  
Even to the period of their lustre.

No Mortalls force procur'd my hate :  
I still preserv'd thee like a blooming Rose,  
VVater'd thee with my choicest streams, and  
fand thee

VVith my pleasingst gales, till envious fate  
Stole that delicious Bud, not fully ripened.

*Thes.* Thou hadst forestall'd his office else;  
and like

A treacherous wretch to make my ruine  
seeme more horrid,

VVhen that my pamper'd Appetite lay  
bathing in felicity (destruction,  
Thou wouldst have thrown me headlong to  
There to die like to some harmeless Beast  
Fated for slaughter. (was compell'd

*Ber.* It was devotion sought thy ruine, I  
To play the Tyrant by Religion : and like  
A carefull Mariner in a storm, to throw away  
A Gem, priz'd far beyond my Diadem,  
VVitnes ve Heavens how oft my Zeal  
Suffer'd affections checks ; how oft my Love  
Held back my hand from ruining that come-  
ly Temple (now

VVhich I so admir'd, and ever must, though  
Imagination makes it horrid.

*Thes.* Play not still the Hypocrite ;  
VVhy mention't Love ? Did ever Love  
Pronounce so sad a sentence. (kneel

*Ber.* VVitness ye powers before whom I  
How dearly, dearly I did love thee ; And  
surely

Had not fate been so hasty, I had tug'd hard  
VVith my Religion to have sav'd thee.

Enter *Charastus, Brabantas, Speratus, Flavanda, Fidelio, Virtusus, Arontas, Spadatus, Attendants and Guard.*

*Cha.* His own words condemn him :  
*Omnes.* They do most mighty Prince, and  
we obey. (my throne

*Cha.* Love that so long has bar'd me from  
Once more reseats me in my former dignity.  
Seiz on the Usurper Guard.

*Ber.* Hands off, Rebellious Miscreants,  
what unjust authority

Prophanes our sacred person? Can *Sicilians*  
Grow so impious, to violate their Kings?

*Cha.* The date of your supremacis is ex-  
pir'd ; your approaching end  
Must put a fatal period to your Tyranny :

A Crown  
Is off too pure a mettle to endure long  
VVithin so gros a Mine.

*Ber.* Unheard of wickedness ! Heavens  
can you hear this,  
And dart no quick consuming plague into his  
treacherous bosome : (still

VVhere be those Lawes which we *Sicilians*  
Held as Religious orders ? where's Piety  
And Allegiance, our ador'd *Penates*.

*Cha.* Here in this breast: Long has Religion  
And my former vow maintain'd thy Tyrany :  
Long have I seen thy pompous heigh  
Grown riotous with my ruine, yet still have  
flatter'd it

Without ambitious interruptions : No  
High fwell'd thought has once desir'd a re-  
possession

Nor ever should, had not thy love of him  
Declar'd a forfeiture. (irreligion :

*Ber.* Take not so poor a Covert for thy  
A Boyes chaste Love forfeits no Diadem.

*Thes.* Thus, that false title I renounce: thus  
I appear my self, deckt with my virgins inno-  
cence ; She discovers her self.  
These blushes speaks me woman Sir.

*Ber.* Am I outreacht in policy ? good Fate  
Send some invisible dart, and kil me quickly,  
Shame will deceive thee of thy triumph else.

*Spe.* Be not ashame'd *Bermudo* : It is an  
honor for to fall (titian  
Thrust by a Royall hand : A practis'd Poli-  
No ignoble brain did work thy ruine.

*Bra.* Our revenge must thank thee *Thesbia* ;  
Thou hast dissolv'd this mass of Tyranny,  
And brought our long-lost honors to their  
former lustre :

We owe duty to thee for our second birth,  
And ignorance must pay ingratitude, if you  
refuse (freely

The reacceptance of that Crown bestow'd so  
By your Liberality. I will not say *Virtusus*  
has desert

Whose just heat may chalenge your affection,  
That were to extoll him beyond humane  
merit,

But I dare say though poor in worth

# The large Prerogative.

Hee's rich in his endeavors.

*Spe.* Her blushes do bewray her Love,  
which long ere this (revenge  
Had met its wish'd for happiness, Had not  
For my second *Fidelio* been too obstinate.  
The love of him made her forgoe her Coun-  
try, (dangers

And on unknown Lands hazard these many  
In his search : She told it to me, when her  
Confessor.

Here take her *Virtus* as a Virgin Sacrifice,  
Pure as the timely blossome whose forward  
Zeal

Decks the arising Spring.

*Bra.* I'll make the harmony compleat :  
Thus from that cloyster which my timerous  
age (leaves thee ;

Before design'd thee too, a parents care re-  
And with the same devotion confines thee to  
*Fidelio* ; (to Love,

Turn thy Repentance to obedience, thy zeal  
And all thy care into a settled constancy,  
That from the ruines of that chaster Temple  
A sacred Structure may erect it self, no less  
perspicuous.

*Spe.* May our Kingdoms joyn'd by this  
double concord

Like two flames of incense shoot up still  
In one continued lustre, whil'st our souls  
Peircht on their sparing glories  
Reach an immortality.

*Chd.* Can I yet live and see my life divided?  
Shall Hymeneall flames consume her Virgin  
Zone

And I stand by a vain Spectator : Patience  
Thou art a virtue.

*Fla.* What sad thought great King can in  
the midst

Of this solemnity draw such a veil ore that  
majestick splendor ? (shine

Which in his perfect brightnes ought to  
To the refreshing of your nummed Subjects.

*Chd.* The remembrance of my lost Sister,  
hangs like a clog (revenge.

Upon my soul ; yet prompts me forward to  
Can *Charastus* triumph whil'st *Desdonella* lies  
In her eternall sleep, rockt with the pleasing

Lullaby

Of falling waters ? Can I maintain a thought  
Tending to happines, before Revenge  
Has quietly entomb'd her ? first shall my rage  
Swell higher than the streams that buried  
her.

That all may perish with its inundation.

*Fla.* Rob not the Heavens *Charastus* (grateful  
the honour (grateful  
Due for your happiness : can you be so in-  
To their mercy, to let revenge  
Cheat them of their alacritie clam'd justly by  
their favors.

*Ber.* Stop not the current of his anger  
Let it flow. (gor

Here are no trembling barks that fear its vi-  
Could he invent a torment which never yet  
His predecessors boasted of, my patience  
Should convert it into charity.

*Enter Desdonella and Halisdus.*

*Diana* ! amaze me not ye Heavens :  
Can she vouchsafe such favor unto him  
Who late abus'd her with immodesty ? my  
incredulity

Sins too much against her virtue : 'Tis she,  
The Ayr's perfum'd, the odoriferous clouds  
Fill'd with delicious splices distills to odors  
The fragrant flowers as she walks  
Offers their sweetest incense, and where she  
treads

The adoring grass bows in a pious gratitude  
Are ye all amaz'd ? why kneel ye not,  
And with a generall adoration entertain that

Deity (Goddes  
That freely comes to visit you ? Thus greatest  
My obedient soul submits with truest peni-  
tence,

I must confess I did abuse your presence  
With most prophane & unchaste ceremonies,  
Yet I must say it was my Zeal,  
And the assurance of your clemency, that  
made me.

*Def.* Arise *Bermudo* : it is I must kneel ;  
Thus as a Subject to your power I bow,  
But as a powerfull Subject thus I stand.  
If my supposed death has in your noble breast  
Kindled religious sparks, if *Desdonella*'s fate  
Has mov'd your patience to Revenge,  
Calm your disturbed thoughts ; See I live  
This shape is truly real.

*Chd.* My Sister *Desdonella*, more welcome  
than my immortality : (nefs ?

Unto what power shall I ascribe this happy-

*Def.* I owe my life unto his curteisie ;  
He mockt *Bermudo*'s Statutes with my feign-  
ed death,

Whil'st in a Cave my melancholy Lute and I

Love in it's Ecstasie: or,

Flatter'd each others misery.

*Cha.* Surely *Halidus* thou wert born  
To make thy King ungrateful; my joyes  
abound

To an unmeasur'd height, I fear they are  
Too vehement to last.

*Ber.* I am amaz'd; my converted appetite  
Courts an unknown desire; my fervent zeal  
Turns to a looser flame, and worships now  
The Temple for the Deity.

*Def.* Why now so strange *Bermudo*?  
didst thou admire  
The structure only for the builders sake?  
Is it become less glorious in another's right?  
Can virtue vanish with a name.

*Ber.* No *Desdone* thy suppos'd divinity  
Made me perceive something that still is ex-  
cellent;  
All is not vanish't with those beams,  
The departed Sun leaves still a heat behind  
him. (weaker rayes)

*Def.* But can that heat, cast from those  
Extract so full an adoration? Canst thou but  
pay

A liking to its fervor, and not contemn it  
For the absent Sun?

*Ber.* How impious were I should I hate  
that shape  
Which I durst think *Diana* would inhabit?  
When I contemn it, may my blood forget its  
motion, (soul.)

My soul her faculties, and the Heavens my  
*Cha.* On that condition take thy throne

again.

Learn now to be a King, and rule with such  
pleasing majestie (vor,)  
That thy Subjects may sooner doubt thy fa-  
Than fear thy anger.

*Ber.* This Councell might be welcome  
unto them

That do detre a Diadem; But unto him  
That is already wearied with his weight,  
It is as vain as expert fencing unto Cowards,

They may have skill, but dare not use it.  
Yet, if you'l needs instruct my unwilling soul  
In that virtue which you only Sir are Master  
of,

Raign longer than, and let me learn by your  
example. (Affection,

*Cha.* He must not reign that cannot rule  
If you refuse this favor, I shall suspect you  
Still to be a Tyrant, and not worthy of my  
Sister.

*Def.* Alas what means my Brother?

*Cha.* To make thee Queen, and seat thee  
In the highest dignity, whil'st I in Shepherds  
weeds

Learn to asswage desires. Nay weep not  
sweet *Flavanda*,

Perhaps thou dost suspect thou art a stranger  
to my heart,

But witness, oh ye Heavens, that what I do  
Proceeds from Love to thee; Thee I will  
meditate,

And when I sleep my dreams shal fancie thee.  
Still I'le discoule of thee, and when the happy  
end

Has crown'd my studies that I truly know  
I shall have search't the deepest point of all  
Philosophie.

But you fair Princess whose conquering eye  
Has took a prisoner captive, and now boasts  
In the bare spoyle of another's victory,  
You I must ne're remember, but must  
As ill taught children learn to forget again  
What my greedy eye too soon conceived.

*Con.* Good Sir. (cy.)

Make not me an accessory to your inconstan-  
Your hopes of me you see are vain,  
*Hymen* has joyn'd our hearts already in a  
knot

Which naught can separate but death.

*Cha.* Tis true, fair Creature, you are His:  
Meet him with an ardent Love.  
And from the Ashes of thy nicer chasfity  
Let a tall *Phenix* issue, whil'st I  
In silent groves desire of Fate to dye.

*Fid.* Stay *Charætus*; Let not thy destruction  
Crown our wedding.

*Cha.* Let fortune then decide the contro-  
versie: Here

Take this sword, and plead thy title, a cause  
so just

Would make a Coward valiant.

*Fid.* But me a Coward.

*Cha.* Thy goodness has incen'st me;  
Dost thou refuse the combate? take heed  
Pull not a ruine on thee with thy virtue; I  
am enrag'd.

My envious heart is tympaniz'd with anger.  
Hadst thou but offer'd to have fought at first,  
I then had left the combat, and with as much  
scorne

Had hated thy disloyalty, as now I emulate  
thy goodness.

Guard thy self.

*Hal.* Hold, Princes hold, Make not a  
Theater of the Temple:  
Do not profane this sacred place  
With an incestuous quarell.

*Cha.* Incestuous? Is love incestuous?

*Hal.* Yes, of your sister.

*Cha.* I have no sister except *Desdonella*.

*Hal.* Pardon me great King if I unfold a  
secret.

Which never should have been reveal'd  
Had not the fear of your destruction forc't  
me. (so long

*Cha.* If it be good, do not delay my joyes  
As I shall be in pardning thee.

*Hal.* You greatest Princess, I have injur'd  
most,

But yet I know your virtues to be such  
That I dispair not of a Pardon.

*Def.* Assure thy self there is no crime so  
horrid

But the remembrance of thy former goodness  
Will command a Pardon for.

*Hal.* Then thus *Brabantas* I restore thy  
Son

Took from thee in the late intestine wars  
When *Sicilie* three Monarchs like three  
meeting streams

Strove to convert each others Kingdom  
To their own Dominions.

*Bra.* I must confess in those inhumane  
broyls

When *Sicilie* groaned with her civill wars,  
I lost a Son (Nurse

Who in his tender years was taken from his  
By the rough violence of a barbarous soldier.

*Hal.* I was that souldier that in hope of  
great reward

Took from the nurse that unresisting Babe  
And brought him here to *Lelybeus* to present  
The King with: But fortune, that seldom  
Crosseth wicked men, then frown'd on me:  
For our tender Prince committed for the  
more security

To my loving wife, did with a fall  
From her too careless arms receive his death.

*Bra.* Oh most unhappy fate.

*Hal.* I then was forc't to turn my captive  
to a Prince again,

For in the room of dead *Charastus*  
I then plac't your Son, who hitherto  
Has liv'd our Sovereign, and ever should, Had  
not

The fear of their approaching ruines told.

*Bra.* This happiness may be wish't for  
not obtain'd.

*Hal.* I could produce your Kingdom  
Arms

Wove on his Mantle, but this would be  
A shallow testimony to that I'll shew you.  
Look on his left wrist, there you may see  
The half Moon, from which *Lunaster* he wa  
nam'd

If *Fames* Report be true.

*Bra.* It is most true; He had his name  
from thence.

*Hal.* See Royall Sir, 'tis still preserv'd.

*Bra.* Do I yet live, and see my Son *Lun  
aster*?

Fate thou art too bounteous: I cannot live  
To pay a due gratuity, an age will be too lit  
tle

To expres my joyes in.

*Cha.* Am I deceast that now my transmi  
grated soul

Seeks out a new inclosure?

Tell me my name good Heavens, my Coun  
try too,

Who are my Kin, or rather who are not.  
All here I think do clame alliance.

Fairest *Constantina* my divining soul  
Prompts me to call thee Sister: Be not  
prithe

Angry with my Love, I will no more  
Harbor incestuous flames, yet I will see thee  
still,

And keep a Brothers distance: you'll not be  
jealous Sir?

*Fid.* I were injurious to her virtue then.

*Cha.* Nor you *Flavanda*?

*Fla.* Let me dye hated first of all,  
And have no tomb but malice.

*Cha.* I am not mortall sure, such joye  
as these

Belong to immortality.

*Spe.* When three Kingdoms joyn, it is  
a Royall unity,

*Sicilie* shall be no more *Trinacria* now  
But one promontory whose soaring top  
Stretch'd bove th' insulting billows  
Shall strike a terror to our foes, whil'st we  
Arm'd with their fear sleep in security:

*Vir.* Let not the losf dear Brother  
Of this Kingdome trouble you; wee'll haste  
unto *Pachynus*

And

*Love in it's Ecstasie : or*

And when that envious fate bereaves us of  
our father,  
Thou and I, will like the Zodiacks *Gemini*,  
Raign our alternate courses in that happy  
Kingdome.

*Con.* Yet I must ruinate that happiness :  
It is *I Virtus* that must disenthrone thee.  
So *Apollo* said.

*Cha.* No dearest Sister, I am  
That Brother that *Apollo* meant ; my crown  
Already thou hast lost, my Love to thee has  
lost it.

Hast thou been less fair, less constant to *Fi-*  
*lio*,

And more kind to me, I still had raign'd ;  
This nere had been divulg'd ; Had it *Ha-*  
*lisus* ?

*Hal.* Never Sir. Tortures should nere  
have forc't it

From me.

*Cha.* The Oracle is fulfill'd then. Let all  
fears vanish.

Heavens knew a Crown was not my due,  
That made me sure so willing for to part  
with't.

I am glad tis gon so fairly, and I am confi-  
dent

There's none, knew he the cares, the troubles,  
The perplexed thoughts and dangers that  
attends

A good Kings throne, but he would resign  
As willingly as I do, did not his calling,  
And his shame forbid it. That Kingdom  
Which my ignorance so long usurpt, returns  
to thee *Bermudo*,

'Tis *Desdonella's* right, she is the richer  
Jewell.

Be once a man again, and from the ruines  
Of thy pristine Tyranny, build a most glo-  
rious Structure

To reach Heaven ; Let not thy former cru-  
elty

Make thee dispair ; who would aspire  
Ought first to fall, that he may rise the  
higher.

*Ber.* Come dearest *Desdonella*, too long  
I have practis'd Tyranny ;  
Mercy hereafter shall become my study. For  
now I see

Our lives are but a Scene, a Scene that  
changes

At the will and pleasure of the Author ;  
We are all but Actors and do take  
Each severall day a severall part ; This day  
We personate a King, the next a Beggar.  
This is our course of life which varies still,  
till Death

The closer up of all comes in and clean  
Puts out the Tapers, and withdraws the  
Scene.

*Exeunt.*

**FINIS.**

